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CHRISTIANITY

A NEW INFLUX OF POWER.

BY E. H. SEARS.

From the close of the second century up to about the year 50 there is an order of phenomena not dwelt upon in profane history, nor much in popular histories of any kind; not because they are less authenticated than any other class of events, but because historians writing from the view-point of naturalism do not know what to make of them and ignore them. They are not confined to the period above indicated. They belong in some sort to the more interior history of the church in all ages. But during the period indicated they are marked and palpable, and unmixed with papal legends and impostures; for the hierarchy had not then arisen, and the church was in her bridal robes. They were then new, taking the church itself by surprise, unknown to the old effete religions as then existing, whether Jewish or pagan.

This new order of phenomena may be described as a disturbance everywhere of the old equilibrium of forces, social, moral, and spiritual. There were perturbations in the old systems of statics like those which the astronomers observed among the planetary bodies while yet the orbit of Uranus was supposed to be the boundary of our solar system. There must be the proximity, said Leverrier, of some body or system of bodies which we have never taken into the account; and so marked and decisive was the influence that he directed his telescope with the utmost confidence that the unknown disturber would swim into its field. The disturbance, however, in the field of history is so great as not only to produce irregularities of motion, but to break up the old system of forces altogether and direct them anew.

We get a very poor and inadequate conception of the introduction of Christianity into this world when we imagine its apostles going about and making an exhibition of miraculous performances as proofs of their message. The miracles did not cause the spread of Christianity, but were simply its outcome on the plane of nature. Christianity came only when the spiritual heavens were brought in closer and more naked contact with the human mind, and hence produced a NEW INFLUX OF POWER in human nature itself.

In comparing two conterminous periods of history, it is easy sometimes to see the second in the first, and to regard one as simply a development of the other. Thus the Protestant Reformation was heralded a century before it came by signs which announced its approach—to use the rhetoric of Coleridge—as clearly as the purple clouds of the dawn announce the approach of morning. It is the past developing in the future. Let the historian scan the age of Augustus Cæsar, and he will find there the science, the philosophy, the jurisprudence, the natural culture and the religions, Hellenic, Jewish, and Roman, of the two centuries following; to be modified as they might be by the ordinary forces of human development. The cause of the disturbances which we are about to notice he will not find; and, unless he resorts to celestial observations, he will set his glass in vain.

The new influx of power is traceable as one of the divine signatures of Christianity generally, but is found all through the second century, and always in connection with and within the circle of Christian ideas and the Christian communions. We mean by the influx of power, not the voluntary and normal forces of education and culture, but a new force, and one before unknown in the world, lying back of all human volition, producing a new creation out of the old chaos and transforming human nature itself. This is manifested in various ways.

1. First, and on its lowest plane of operation, there is a new power of mind over matter, of the spirit over the body, found principally in a healing and cleansing divine life flowing downward and outward into its lowest forms. Of course this would be seen first in the cure of nervous diseases, because the nerves are the inmost texture of the physical body and join it with the spiritual; but it is seen in a restorative hand laid on all the diseases of the human form. This was called "miracle" in the language of the times, because it came as a surprise; but it was in conformity with universal spiritual laws operating within the natural as the heavens were passing anew into the affairs of earth. For these phenomena we depend on no uncertain and private testimony, and they are altogether different in kind from the lying miracles of the monks of the middle ages. Origen appeals to them as matters of common experience. Grievous diseases and states of insanity, which had withstood all other means of the healing art, disappear when the subjects of them are brought within the circle of Christian truth and influence. No tricks of jugglery were used, but healing power ran down through the mind and the nerves and the whole physical frame, the entire outward man being re-created from within. Tertullian and Justin Martyr make the same appeal. They cite these facts as notorious. "That the kingdom of evil spirits," says the latter, "has been destroyed by Jesus you may even at the present time convince yourselves by what passes before your own eyes; for many of our people, of us Christians, have healed and still continue to heal, in every part of the world and in your city of Rome, numbers possessed of evil spirits, such as could not be healed by other exorcists, simply by adjuring them in the name of Christ."

Irenæus says the same, and declares that many came into the Christian profession because the evil influx which we call insanity, and which then held so many minds in baleful eclipse, receded and went out before the reviving glory of the inflowing Christ when the subjects came to themselves and rejoiced in their right minds.

So full and vital was this new influx of power, that sometimes the apparent dead were brought back to life. We say apparent dead, for we will not assume as yet to know the exact line which divides the mysterious realms of life and death in putting off mortality, or that turning back and recrossing the line is a possibility within the supreme divine order. We only say that those who to the common apprehension had died sometimes had a reviving consciousness within the sphere of Christian influx, and lived years afterwards as well-known witnesses of it in the Christian church. To this fact Irenæus bears unexceptionable testimony. But it is only one class of facts, among others notorious and wellattested through the whole period in review, showing that the healing and restoring mercy was not only in first things, but last things; not only ev appr, but in the ultimations of the natural world.

2. A quickening of the interior perceptions, resulting frequently in open spiritual vision, is another remarkable phenomenon of the period under review. It is found as late as the times of Origen, but it is continuous, and more intense as we ascend the stream. As we find it in this period, it has nothing in common with the visions of the monks, real or pretended, of a later age. It often came unsought, and to those outside the communion of the Christian church and ignorant of its system of faith, yet bearing in upon them gleams and intuitions of the same truths that lie at the centre of the Christian system. We mistake altogether when we suppose that a few unlettered men, merely by the means of personal persuasion and eloquence, spread the gospel laterally from Palestine throughout the Roman empire as we find it in the second century. No wonder that Mr. Gibbon is nonplussed when he tries to account for its rapid, almost

simultaneous diffusion, as if it had spread of itself. There is a large class of facts perfectly well attested, even while we keep within the track of common history, showing that the descending heavens were urging their transcendent realities into all receptive minds, sometimes with power so great that their scenery lay visibly upon the opening soul. Tertullian says the majority in his time came to a knowledge of the true God by visions (e visionibus): that is, they came into the Christian church, not because its truths had first been urged upon them from without, but because they had been borne in from above. Tertullian probably exaggerates, as he was wont to do; but Origen assumes the same class of facts, not only as well known in the Christian communities, but as within his personal knowledge and experience, and calls God to witness the truth of what he says. These testimonies are important, not only as accounting to us for the rapid diffusion of Christianity in this early time, but for its invinciple grasp upon the common mind, showing it a religion which prevailed not so much by propagandism, as by its outcome from the heart of God into the heart of humanity, prepared by some new agency for its reception.

3. Closely connected with the order of phenomena just named was another not less remarkable. The realities of a super-sensible world through all this period within the Christian communities are not so much matters of faith as of knowledge. Lying on the general face of society throughout the Roman empire, there is darkness on this subject that might be felt. The philosophers did not believe their own speculations, nor the poets the creations of their imaginations: much less did the common mind have any intelligent convictions whatsoever. The Roman Senate might be said to represent the best culture and intelligence pertaining to religion, philosophy, science and morals which their times afforded. In the debate as to what disposition should be made of Cataline and his conspirators, Julius Cæsar, then the High Priest of the national religion, rose and opposed capital punishment on the ground that death was the extinction of conscious existence, and therefore was not so much punish-

ment as a release from it, thus publicly in the face of the senate denying the immortality of the soul. Cato was there, and Cicero, who wrote the "Tusculan Questions," was there. Both replied, and their replies are reported; but on this allimportant point they make no distinct issue with Cæsar, showing that even with the best minds the doctrine of immortality was only an airy hypothesis. There had been no change in this respect in the times which we have under review, except that they present the following remarkable · phenomena. In the dense and general darkness we see little communions called churches dotting the regions of night like spangles of gold and silver, gradually enlarging their circuit, while into each the heavens were open, and tidings of God and immortality were flowing free. Here was something which the age itself could not understand, and which we shall understand just as little if we suppose that this new faith subliming into knowledge was merely wrought by preachers who proved their assertions by miracles, or by reading the New Testament documents. Any one must see that such causes, merely operating ab extra, were quite inadequate to produce such results.

4. But perhaps more remarkable yet was the new transforming power over human nature, everywhere lifting it up and cleansing it. It is not merely the reformation of manners that now meets our observation. It is the new and original types of character; and, what is quite as remarkable. they were evolved out of the very material which a philosopher would have passed by as worthless. And more remarkable yet, they were evolved very often without the will, and even against the will, of the subjects themselves when those subjects were brought within the circle and operation of the new influence. There was some power lying behind all personal volition and choice, transfusing the subject's whole being, and bringing a new condition out of it which astonished himself as much as any one. Undoubtedly there was some preparation in the experience of such men which made their natures ductile under the new supernatural influence; they were not made subjects of it by arbitrary selection.

What we mean to say is, it came to them without their seeking. They did not go after it and find it, but it came and found them, and lifted them out of the grooves they had moved in with a force they no more thought of resisting than the sea-weed torn up by the roots would resist the swellings of the tides.

Celsus, who wrote against Christianity evidently with great subtlety and acumen, makes it one of his sharpest points of objection that it professes to accomplish impossibilities; that the idea of changing human nature and making it over is utterly absurd. "It is manifest to every one," says he, "that it lies within no man's power to produce an entire change in a person to whom sin has become a second nature, even by punishment, to say nothing of mercy; for to effect a complete change of nature is the most difficult of things." To this the Christian apologists replied in substance, Come and learn for yourselves. Come into our assemblies and see who we are and from what ranks and conditions we have been gathered. See how the old savagery and hate have been expelled from us, and how we can now love our neighbors as ourselves, and forgive our enemies, and render good for evil and blessing for cursing.

We have two scenes presented to us, one in Lyons, and one in Smyrna of lesser Asia, in which the new type of character is brought in vivid contrast with the depravity of the age out of which it had been won. We mean the persecutions and martyrdoms described in the letters sent out by those churches making known their calamity to sister churches. We make all due allowance for the enthusiasm inspired by Christian faith; but even then we witness virtues and graces of character, and examples of a renewed and sanctified human nature wrought out of the lowest and roughest material, far more illustrious than any other miracle that we know of. It is magnanimity, faith, love, patience, heroism and the sweetest spirit of forgiveness, appearing like an "orb of tranquillity" in a general storm of hate, revenge, and cruelty. To their tortures by racks, by pincers, by faggots, by the tossings of wild beasts, by being seated in burning chairs that the fumes of their roasting flesh might come up about them, and scoffs and jeers from the rabble, and when a word of retraction would have saved them, "they went on joyful, much glory and grace being mixed in their faces, so that their bonds seemed to form noble ornaments, and like those of a bride adorned with various golden bracelets, and impregnated with the sweet odor of Christ, they

appeared to some anointed with earthly perfumes." *

These great changes were not developments out of the age, but of a Power which was reversing its tides. They were wrought everywhere in the name of Christ and within the influence of Christian ideas and the Christian communions, very often the new influx from within meeting the presentation of truth from without as by a stroke of God. Thus from the ruins of a reversed and degraded humanity as a background, they bring out these portraitures of angelic life and beauty. The change in these persons could not be better described than by saying "the Holy Ghost fell on them;" for not any voluntary agency had wrought the change, but a sudden income of power through the consciousness. These phenomena occur as you ascend along the second century into and towards the middle of the first; and they appear in the moral world like those you would witness in the natural if you went out at mid-winter, when the ground was covered with snow and the forests tinkled with ice, amid which a few trees scattered here and there were appearing in the bloom and the greenness of their summer glories. Any mind of the least philosophical bent, and untrammeled by false theories, ascending the stream of history, would conclude that "something had happened," and that this something was of a very extraordinary character thus to turn the stream out of its course.

Ascending through this series of phenomena, we come to the times embraced in our New Testament canon. The reader will see that the earliest of our ecclesiastical history

^{*} For an account of these martyrdoms given in the Letters of the Churches of Lyons and Smyrna, see Eusebius, L. iv., c. 15; also L. v., c. 1.

does not stand forth as exceptional, that the annals of the church for more than a century, to come down no further, give us a continuation of the same order of events described by Luke in the "Acts of the Apostles," and of the dispensation of the Spirit inaugurated on the day of Pentecost. The current of history as we ascend prepares us for the events they recorded, so that they break upon us without surprise. We ascend and note the perturbations with expectant minds,—like Dr. Kane's men traveling northward and watching the flight of summer birds and the growing evidence of some mysterious and warmer clime, till the open Polar Sea broke on their sight, its waters shimmering in the sun and its waves dashing at their feet.

Ascending this stream we come to a literature unquestionably genuine, bringing us into the very atmosphere of the warm open sea. There is one man who appears as the central figure of this literature, whose writings and personal history, while they are entirely congruous with the history we have been now tracing, fling a light over the whole, disclosing the causes, and the only adequate ones, of these mysterious

perturbations.

This man started from Jerusalem towards Damascus on a mission of persecution, proud, cruel, and vindictive: he came from Damascus with a heart yearning towards all mankind, with the humility of a child, and with affections as tender as a woman's love. He went towards Damascus with an intellect narrowed down to a rapier's point and harder than its steel: he came from Damascus with an intellect broadened and fused with Divine fire, and with a logic so invincible, and with its links so warm with the Holy Ghost, that it moulded the thought of the world for eighteen centuries. What does his change date from? Epileptic fits, says Dr. Strauss.* I met Jesus Christ on the way, says Paul, in a light from heaven which dimmed the Syrian noon.

We are brought to the earliest literature of the church in

^{*} In his last "Leben Jesu," p, 302.

the authentic letters of this most distinguished among the converts to the Christian faith. Some of them were written not more than twenty years after the death and ascension of Christ. Four of them—and those the most important—the most exacting criticism has never called in question. Nine of them are conceded as genuine in the criticism of Renan, who is sufficiently exacting and fastidious for the most refined skepticism. Thirteen we regard as genuine beyond all reasonable doubt or cavil; and only the Epistle to the Hebrews, so called, popularly ascribed to Paul, has been shown very clearly from evidence internal and external to have emanated from another source.

Later than these letters, we have the history ascribed to Luke,—the Acts of the Apostles,—about half of which is a record of Paul's life and labors. The first chapters Renan considers as legendary because of the supernatural events there narrated, which by his theory cannot come within the range of authentic history. The "tendency" theory of Baur makes the whole book a compilation of the second century. The critics of the anti-supernatural school agree together as to the status of Paul. "The Christ," says Renan, who gives him personal revelations, "is his own phantom,—it is himself he hears while thinking he hears Jesus." *

Their criticisms of the book of Acts are futile so far as designed to shut out and keep out the supernatural. Those letters which Renan concedes were written by Paul, beyond all reasonable question, contain the essential elements of the book of Acts, include in their range the most important events which it records, while at the same time leading us up to the very spot where the gates open and the new influx of power comes in to sweep down the Christian ages and carry the old landmarks of history before it as driftwood upon the waves. If you tamper with the book of Acts, you may just as well keep on and tamper with all the history that follows in continuous stream for more than three hundred years. It were as if Dr. Livingston, in following up the Nile

^{* &}quot;Life of St. Paul," chap. xxi.

to its origin, should come to a thicket out of whose shadows a copious flood of waters is swelling free, and should say, Here I think we have found its source: we will go no further, for the river has come to an end.

Paul had never seen the Lord Jesus Christ in the flesh. He tells us, too, that he conferred not with flesh and blood; he did not receive Christianity from any other persons who had seen the Lord Jesus in the flesh. How then did he receive it? He says that after his conversion he went into Arabia, and then returned to Damascus, and only after three years went up to Jerusalem.* Meanwhile, he gives us to understand that the Christianity he was to preach and expound he received by direct revelation from Jesus Christ, and in such completeness and integrity, and with such grasp on its interior truths, that some who had been with Christ all the days of his mission on earth were left far below him, sticking as yet in the mere letter, and only to be released from its scales as he had been, by the influx of power from the risen and glorified Saviour. This Jew, imprisoned of late in the hardest Jewish shell, appears suddenly with the shell shattered in pieces under his feet, looking down upon it in triumphant scorn, much as we may suppose the immortal spirit new-risen in glory looks down on the body which lately encumbered it. Moreover, a whole system of truth diviner and lovelier than he had ever dreamed of he now holds and expounds as a concrete reality, involving a new doctrine of God, of man, of justification and redemption, of the resurrection, of the church as a universal brotherhood, and the kingdom of Christ as the universal reign of righteousness on the earth. All this, he says, "I neither received of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Not only so, but the ordinances of Christianity which were to symbolize its truths forever, he says were given him direct from the Lord Jesus; and the scene of the last supper is described, and the language repeated by which the ordinance was first established, coinciding substantially with the account which





the Synoptics gave sometime afterwards from their own memory of the scene.*

Moreover, in times of perplexity and fierce opposition from unbelievers, when difficulties seemed to close round him as a wall of adamant, he says the Lord Jesus stood by him to cheer him on, or his angels encircled him in bright array, and an open path was then made for him, or the prison doors opened and he went triumphant on his mission.* Not by seductive eloquence, not by human logic alone, often by simple prayer and the laying on of hands, came the influx of power, involving all present in a sphere of new life and of transforming grace, and lifting up their interior minds to quick-coming conceptions of truth that shamed all the philosophies of the age. Moreover, this Paul, once so hard and bitter with theologic hate, becomes under the new influx as tender-hearted as a child, and writes that chapter on charity which has been a sweet lyric of the heart and tongued its highest inspirations to the present hour.

Those things in the book of Acts at which the skeptical critics boggle most, the speaking with new tongues, the visions of supernal realities, the miraculous healing, the incoming of the Holy Ghost at the name of Christ, are all found in Paul's unquestioned letters to the churches; and we are cornered up to two alternatives in tracing Christianity to its origin, - the system of truth and influence which in its broadening career raised Europe out of barbarism, found England a herd of savages and made it the England of to-day, shattered the Roman empire, and on the ruins of the old paganism, to which the heavens were nearly closed, formed the Christian communions, into which tidings of immortality came full and free, - this system, followed up in history to the earliest literature which attempts to account for its origin, is found in the writings of a man who had epileptic fits, or swoons, in which he saw a phantom which he called Jesus;

^{*} Compare 1 Cor. xi. 23-26 and Matt. xxvi. 26-29, Mark xiv. 22-25, Luke xxii. 17-20.

[†] Compare Romans xv. 18, 19, 2 Cor. xii. 1-12, Gal. ii. 2, and Acts xvi. 25, 26.

or else to a real Jesus Christ through whom the heavens were opened and swept the inmost chords of our human nature with the sovereign grace and transforming power of Almighty God.

It has become fashionable of late to decry Paley and "the Paley men." His unpardonable sin is the perfect transparency of his style and thought. What he saw he saw in sunlight, though he did not see very deep and far; and he had the rare faculty of making his reader see exactly what he saw himself. He never pretended to tell what he did not see and call his subjective fog-shapes the advanced thought of his age. Hence his offense to theology. He wrote a little book which may still be found on the neglected shelves of old libraries, which is a masterly demonstration, through internal circumstantial evidence and mutual corroboration. of the authenticity of the book of Acts and the Pauline Letters. It has never been answered, for the excellent reason that it does not admit of any answer. As respects the Epistles and the book of Acts, Mr. Andrews Norton very well says Paley has "put the matter at rest." *

* Paley's argument in the *Horæ Paulinæ*, and the kind of evidence which he exhibits, may be illustrated in this way:—

A piece of paper was once found which had served as the wadding of a musket. Unrolled, it is found to be part of a newspaper which had been torn in two. If the missing portion could be found in the possession of certain parties, certain facts of great local interest could be established. Another piece was found; but how could it be identified as the missing one? Why, the torn edges fitted exactly together. Not only so, but the torn words also came together so as to make sense and meaning along the whole line of separation. Nobody doubted, of course, that the two pieces made originally one whole. This gives some idea of the way in which the facts and allusions of the book of Acts and the Pauline letters fit together and interpenetrate as belonging to one historic whole. They run into minutiæ and delicate coincidence which no forger could have dreamed of and no mere compiler could have happened upon. Paley's argument mnst be read to be appreciated; and. when read, it gives the go-by to the boundless guessing of Baur's tendency theory and the critique of Renan on the four letters which he rejects as spurious.

CHRISTIAN SINGERS OF GERMANY.*

MACMILLAN'S Sunday Library has other more attractive books, but not one so valuable as Catherine Winkworth's "German Singers." Beginning with the monk whose great work gave the life of Christ to Germany in German, it ends with that modern logic scholar, Rückert, whose study has been profoundly Oriental. It covers thus more than a thousand years, and embraces the papal period, the Reformation, the Thirty Years' War, the Pietists and Mystics down to our day. The translations are exact, graceful, spirited, sometimes even line for line and metre for metre. The biographical notices are necessarily brief; yet, like this specimen in our own words upon the author of "Thou hidden love of God," "And to God is love," interesting to all religious read-This hymnist, Gerhard Teersteegen, had been bound apprentice to a shopkeeper at Mullheim, his own brother indeed. But as soon as he was free, taking a little cottage for himself, he worked away at ribbon weaving, never touching tea or coffee, spending most of his earnings in charity, disowned by relatives, yet exceedingly happy in his solitude. After a period of spiritual gloom, commemorated by some hymns, he chose Heinrich Sommer as his chum and fellowworker; and soon commenced preaching in private, declining large offers of money and only accepting a bare support. Feeble in health, he opened a dispensary in his own house, and ever after had not a spare moment, - thirty persons frequently waiting to speak with him, sick people flocking to him from afar, a congregation assembling to hear him if he chanced to pass by, his correspondence becoming immense, so that he said, "I love most to be with the Father, but I am glad to be with the children." Joining no sect, he was a mystic of the purest type; laying much stress on violent emotions

^{*} Christian Singers of Germany. By Catherine Winkworth. Macmillan & Co. 1869.

at first, before he ended his career at seventy-four his piety took that charming form which has expressed itself in hymns now universally popular, and poems less known, like this:—

MOTE IN THE SUNBEAM.

I lose me in the thought

How great is God — and I how merely naught.

What doth that sun whence clearest splendors stream

Know of the mote that dances in his beam?

Nay, if I may but even live and move
In the one Being who is perfect love,
Th' Eternal and the Infinite alone,

Let me forget all else and all I deemed my own!

Closer than my own self art Thou to me:
So let me wholly yield myself to Thee!
Be Thou my sun, my selfishness destroy,
Thy atmosphere of love be all my joy,
Thy presence be my sunshine ever bright,
My soul the little mote that lives but in thy light.

Here is one of much earlier date, by Henry of Loufenburg: -

FAREWELL.

O world I must forsake thee
And far away betake me
To seek my native shore;
So long I've dwelt in sadness
I wish not now for gladness,
Earth's joys for me are o'er.

Sore is my grief and lonely,
And I can tell it only
To Thee, my friend most sure.
God! let thy hand uphold me,
Thy pitying heart enfold me,
For else I am most poor.

My refuge where I hide me,
From Thee shall naught divide me,
No pain, no poverty:
Naught is too bad to bear it,
If Thou art only there to share it;
My heart asks only Thee.

We cannot part from this pleasant Sunday companion without an aphorism or two; the first from that Friedrich von Logan, whose pithy epigram on sin Longfellow gives thus:-

> Manlike it is to fall into sin; Fiendlike it is to dwell therein; Christlike it is for sin to grieve; Godlike it is all sin to leave.

TOLERANCE.

What force is there on earth can faith compel? Force can produce denial, not faith as well.

DARKNESS.

Whene'er between the human heart and God's love from on high Earth's shadow falls, our day grows dark, eclipse o'erspreads our sky; The suns of God's dear solace gone whence true delight we gain, Only the world is left the heart—that meaneth only pain.

Which we would mate with two from Angelus Silesius.

The noblest prayer is when one evermore Grows inly liker that he kneels before.

How fairly shines the snow whene'er the sun's bright beams Illume and color it with heavenly gleams; So shines thy soul, white, dazzling as the snow When o'er it plays the Day-spring's radiant glow.

Under the head of the "Thirty Years, War," we note this saddest picture of the ruin wrought by that protracted struggle in the very heart of Germany. Recent investigations have shown that over much of the country four-fifths of the population, and more than four-fifths of the property, were destroyed; and, taken as a whole, at least half of both throughout Germany must have disappeared. Two hundred years have been hardly able to recover this lost ground.

THE

PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU.

[A LEAF FROM A TRAVELER'S JOURNAL. BY RUFUS ELLIS.]

Innsbruck, July 20.

I HAVE been to the Passion-Spiel, or Miracle Play at Ober-Ammergau, and must add my record of it to the hundreds that have undoubtedly been made. We had heard so much of the difficulty of obtaining conveyances for the thousands of pilgrims to this mountain village, that we made our bargain at Munich with a man who was so well recommended to us. that we were not discouraged by his very hard face. We determined to take our carriage from Weilheim, a railroad station some forty miles on our way from Munich, as this part of the road is not especially interesting. Saturday, at half past six, A.M., found us at the Munich station with a large party of travelers, amongst whom we recognized one familiar and pleasant face. The little stations on the way all had a clean and cheerful look. Very likely they are used by families who try to escape during the summer from the heat of Munich, which, when it is heat at all, is heat indeed. A part of the travelers left us at Starnberg See to take a little steamer for a portion of the journey; we kept on to Weilheim, where we encountered as we left the cars a crowd of vehicles, good, indifferent, and very bad, none of them except the very bad very cheap. Our coachman was in attendance, hat in hand, and we had the unspeakable satisfaction of having to make no bargain. There were seedy old fiacres for two horses and for one horse, the one horse being harnessed, as the way is in these parts, by the side of a great pole, which must suggest to the animal the huge injustice of not assigning to him another of his kind to divide the load and the responsibility. Some of the vehicles reminded me of what we sometimes see at our picnics in America: they were heavy long wagons covered with cotton cloth and furnished with seats running omnibus fashion. A carriage to Ammer-

gau cost anywhere from forty to eighty florins in gold (a florin is about forty-five cents). A single passage to the place could be bought for two florins; but one of our friends, who engaged in the warfare at that price, gave it up in a few moments, and was glad to make a bargain for a more comfortable and springy vehicle. The rich and the poor were on their way — a string of coaches, omnibusses and footmen and footwomen, some wearing their shoes, some carrying them, some with shoes neither on their feet nor in their hands. I was disappointed in the first part of the drive. It did not compare for beauty and glory with what we found in driving to Koenigsee from Salzburg. By noon we reached Murnau, and the driver told us, with emphasis, that we were to stop an hour and a half for the Mittagessen, - a very serious business with him. The crowd at the inn was very great. Again and again the large hall filled with hungry travelers, as we had an opportunity to notice; for, as we declined the soup and the Kalbfleisch, and could in nowise devour the sausages. which, to the imminent peril of our own appetites, the men around us were clearing away, we were obliged to wait, not ten minutes, as the politic Kellner promised, but one hour, for our poor little poulet prematurely sacrificed for us. Meanwhile, we gazed at the countless chamois horns hung upon the walls, whilst harpers, one after another, came in and harped upon their harps (very sweetly), and passed round successive hats, and beggars of one kind and another walked about the tables, and got something from men who looked very poor themselves. At last our driver seemed to have absorbed all the beer he could take in at that time, and was pleased to anspannen, or, as we should say, to "hitch up." The road improved as we went on. The coachman's caution was commendable. Where a Yankee driver would have tightened the reins and encouraged his cattle to keep out of the way of the descending carriage, he put on the shoe; but I found that a notice in writing, or an equivalent picture on a board by the roadside, warned him of the thing to be done. Sometimes it was very necessary. We climbed, by doubling our team, the steepest hill that I have ever seen

attempted with wheels. This is just before we reach Ettall near Ammergau.

At about this point the scenery begins to be very grand and beautiful. In company with a vast multitude, - indeed being scarcely able to make our way for the press, - we entered Ober-Ammergau at about five in the afternoon. My arrangements had been made with Joseph Gutsjell, the teacher of the village and director of the orchestra, evidently one of the chief men in the place, and we found that we were to stay at his house. Even with my poor German, I soon discovered that there had been a mistake about the tickets, and that we were expected to be present at a repetition of the representation of Monday the 18th. This would not answer at all; and although at first the thing was pronounced impossible, he stirred round, and magnifying us, I doubt not, amongst the villagers, we were tolerably well provided for the Sunday, with the help of some supplementary boys, who were to occupy our seats till we were ready for them, and then to disappear. We ate all we could get; and it was only the abundance of guests, and not any lack of hospitality, that made the supply small; and, after looking about a little, and going into a crowded church and hearing some excellent music, went to bed early in preparation for the next day. The beds, like so many in Germany, fulfill what is written: "The bed was not long enough that a man should stretch himself upon it." Is this an old custom too? Were the ancient Germans all of short stature? But sleep comes to the weary, even when one must use to get it all the joints that nature has supplied, and still long for more. Very early in the morning the bells rang for the early mass in the richly ornamented church, a church the interior of which is in striking contrast with the almost sordid look of the village. Not long after peals of thunder sounded and resounded through the mountains, and the rain fell in torrents, ominous enough of the weather before us. It held up a little in the morning, and, guided by Herr Gutsjell, we made our way to the Amphitheatre, already, at half past seven, filled with people, some of them plainly peasants, with the wonderful golden headornaments of the peasant women. At eight o'clock the orchestra began, and we were amongst the spectators of one of the most curious and interesting spectacles that human eyes can take in.

This Passion Play, as it is called, resembles the old Miracle Play of the middle ages; but the likeness is greatly flattered and idealized. We are sure that the old monks never exhibited anything as elevated and elevating. It is the story, in deed and in symbol, of the Suffering Life of Christ, illustrated all the way by companion pictures from the Old Testament, according to those interpretations of the Bible which find the new in the old, in the exercise of a subjectivity which is sometimes very startling; though why should we be amazed to find the new so prefigured in the old? Is not the foot of the animal a rudimental human hand? And ought not the life of that people, out of which the Messiah should come, to prefigure in all ways, and in all the most significant events of its history, his divine sorrow? Certainly, the unity of the Great Book was never more richly impressed upon me than whilst I watched the Passion-Spiel at Ammergau. As must now be widely known, this play is also a solemn religious service, - indeed primarily and chiefly that, the paying of a vow made more than two hundred years ago, in a time of pestilence, a thank-offering to the great Deliverer of human lives from destruction. The performance must take place once every ten years; and when, as has sometimes happened, wars have come in to interrupt the observance, it falls upon the next year. Sometimes opposition has been made to the play by the religious authorities, but never to any purpose; and from the year 1840 the public interest in it has greatly increased. I wish that I had more time in the intervals of traveling and sight-seeing to write out an account of the Mystery. If I thought you would read the German, I would send you a convenient little book which I had in my hand during the performance, containing a full account of the tableaux and the scenes, and illustrated by the Passion pictures of Albrecht Dürer; but I comfort myself with the hope that countless newspaper-writers and journalists have already anticipated my whole story.

Six thousand persons are gathered in a great amphitheatre, a few of them covered and comfortable, most of them uncovered and not very comfortable. The stage is before them, a scripturally illustrated drop-curtain hanging between, and a wide platform spreading in front of the orchestra. As soon as the music of the orchestra has ceased, twenty choristers, male and female, clad in appropriate robes of blue and green and crimson (you know I am not good at colors, but I hear there was pink as well), come forward, and the recitation and chanting begin, solemn and low and sweet. As the singing draws to a close, the choristers, male and female, divide, and drawing off to the two sides of the stage, the curtain rises for two tableaux, or, as they are called, Life-pictures of our First Parents driven out of Eden, and of the Sacrifice by Abraham, whilst the choir interpret in song what the audience gaze upon. Then follows a third tableau of the Cross encompassed by kneeling suppliants, and so the Prelude concludes. Seventeen distinct representations follow, and besides a closing chant and picture make up the representation. The Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem is the opening spectacle; and a magnificent one it is, with its train of nearly three hundred persons, beautifully and reverently grouped, the Saviour riding upon an ass, the men, women and children waving palms, spreading garments, and singing in chorus, whilst angry rulers and priests look on. Of course the chief interest centres in the This part is well-sustained by Joseph Mair, a wood carver, - carver no doubt of crucifixes, and familiar, as indeed these image-cutters must all be, with the mediæval representations of sacred personages. Of course, when I say that the part is well-sustained, I bear in mind the immense difficulty of doing justice to anything so transcendent. One would shrink from personating the Saviour; and when, the next morning, my host called me into the kitchen to introduce me to Mair, I confess that I was startled as well as pleased; but no one can be brought into contact with this play without confessing the dignity, simplicity, and genuine religious bearing of the chief actor. He really brings back to you the Christ as you see him in the old pictures, - a conventional

Christ to a great extent, and not the divinely and sweetly human being that he doubtless was; the Christ of the Church and of the Painters, rather than of the New Testament, and yet a very noble and gracious image. The story of Love and Heroism and Service unto Death moves on through pictures and ancient symbols and some of the sweetest music you ever heard, and in a series of New Testament scenes, in the Temple, before the Sanhedrim, in the Upper Room, before the Chief Priest and Herod and Pilate, until we enter upon the Way to the Cross, divided as the old custom was into many stations, and closing at last with a most striking Crucifixion Act, to be relieved afterwards by the Resurrection and Ascension. The tableaux were wonderful for the grouping of the figures; especially where a crowd of young and old, to the smallest children, are massed together, as in the Gathering of the Manna, which illustrates from the Old Testament the Lord's Supper in the New; and along with the tableaux we should name for interest the hymns and choruses. music is not published. It is an Ammergau heirloom. We saw the book in the house of our host, the chief musician, but not being skilled in that way could bear away no copy. Indeed it would not have been lawful. Like the rest it is a mystery. Those who seemed to know told me that much of it is from Mozart, at least reminds one of Mozart and Haydn. It is all sweetly Christian in its tone, breathing out faith, hope, love, sorrow for man, trust in God. I heard it all under the most discouraging circumstances, the same legs that had been cramped all night being cramped all day, a hard board behind me and a very fat man in front of me, sometimes drenched in perspiration, and sometimes chilled by the rain which fell in torrents, not upon me but in front of me, sympathizing continually with every man or woman who, unable to bear the drenching any longer, raised an umbrella only to have it rapped, with the harsh cry of Schirme zu (Umbrellas shut!). And yet the play interested me deeply; and I am sure that it must be of great service in the religious education of these Bavarian peasants. Antiquated, reactionary, a foolish attempt to revive the past - does any one say? Better

give the people some useful instruction!—I answer that these people are well-taught; and as to old things and new, go to the Opera House in Vienna and see the pantomime and ballet which delight the elite of that great city, and then pass on to Ammergau to the Passion Play; perhaps you will think then that the new is not so much in advance of the old as you have imagined. There was no applauding until the very end; and considering the size and the very miscellaneous character of the audience, there was a singular quietness. The men sustained their parts better than the women, though amongst the choristers there were female voices of great sweetness. I could not see that the performers were much dispirited by the weather. I am told, however, that they were a good deal disturbed by the prospect of an interruption on account of the war and the probable calling away of Mair, who, incongruous as it may seem, owes service as an artillerist in the Bavarian army. Whilst I write, it is still uncertain whether the play will be repeated next Sunday. The villagers have spent 32,000 florins in preparation for the Year of their great Feast, and it is a pity that it should be interrupted. Still referring you to a little book, which I hope some day to put into your hands, I shall give no more detailed account of the Passion Play, only adding that it far surpassed my expectations, and that I cannot understand what they mean, whose religious feelings have been disturbed by the exhibition. Eleven performers make up the dramatis personæ, and, with the exception of three, they are the same who took part in 1860. It is plainly one of the chief ends of life in Ammergau to acquit oneself creditably in the great year, which enlists about half of the people of the village, - young men and maidens, old men and children. The hair of the head is allowed to grow Albrecht-Dürer picture-fashion to meet the occasion, and I doubted not, as I stood in their village church, that there is a preparation of the heart for the answer of the lips.

The rain did not cease with the performance. Through torrents from above, and wading through the mire, we made our way back to the teacher's house. The peasant women

had the best of it, for their skirts were short, and they had only to dip their muddy feet in the brook by the way, and the mud clave to them no longer. It is amazing, however, how little soil one brings home from the worst walking. It was good to sleep that night, even in a child's crib, and to find in the early morning, that the sound of the falling rain did not blend with the tinkling cow-bells and the tramp of the returning pilgrims. Some of the visitors had not asked that very important question: How am I to get away from Ammergau? They had found a conveyance to the feast, but now the point was to get back, and carriages did not abound. That they are all gone by this time, I doubt not. The rain had driven away so many, that there was no repetition of the performance, as has sometimes been the case on Monday. Fortunately we had our man and our comfortable carriage; and after visiting the wood-shops and adding to our impedimenta various trifles, besides photographs of the performers, one of which we picked up at the house of a female chorister who was busy at her household-work, whilst the gay garments of vesterday hung upon the clothes-line to dry, - they as well as the fair wearer of them had had a tremendous soaking. we took up the line of travel. At Ettal we paused a few moments to look into a beautiful old church, adjoining a suppressed monastery. You will find it described in "Quits." Beautiful old churches have grown to be almost drugs; but here amongst these mountains and these tokens of present poverty, they do amaze one for their splendor. After descending the steep hill (it was worse to go down than to go up), a German inn in the neighborhood supplied some beer and milk, both very good, and we went our way through a most beautiful drive to Partenkirchen, a quiet little Bavarian village, compassed about by most exquisite scenery. found the inn more than full, and were sent into a quiet ante-room, which was already partly occupied by two Oxford students, who proved to be very agreeable dinner-companions. I happened upon them just as they were setting down in their note-book one or two stories, with which one and another had garnished the repast; and as we did not claim any copyright

in the tales, we parted very good friends. The road lost none of its beauty as we kept on our way to Mittenwald, where our driver halted for the night. I went out and explored, - found a violin factory, which sends out most of its work to America, so that if we are not musical now, we shall be one of these days. You can buy a small violin, or if you will, fiddle, in Mittenwald for three florins; and if the dealer had had a bow, which, strangely, he had not, I should have invested, and cumbered my luggage still farther. Half the inhabitants make fiddles; the rest, I suppose, play upon them. Whilst I walked about the streets, the goats, in great number, each with a bell upon the neck, came in from the mountain pastures, and the cows followed in like manner. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib," - and as it was in Israel, so was it in Mittenwald: the creatures hurried into the one door, which receives into the dwelling man and beast, and the family got the evening meal. A little stream, partly covered over, runs through the village, and serves a multitude of purposes, always, one may hope, kept distinct in the minds and usages of the villagers. Diligences, one after another, came in with their passengers. We were glad not to be of their number, for four miles an hour must be their utmost in the way of speed; and if they get over any ground, it must be by following the example of the tortoise in his match with the hare, and pegging away at it day and night. We could not get much to eat in Mittenwald. The tea, I should say, was distinctly of penny-royal. I forgot to tell them not to put sugar into the omelette, and that was spoiled; and in the morning they contrived somehow to put some foreign substance even into the boiled eggs. It is said to be a weak thing to think much about eating; but how I longed that morning for a good New England breakfast; and let me tell every one who complains of American living, that I have seen nothing in Europe to compare with New England food. I have heard persons, who know all about luxuries, breathe a sigh at tables d' hote for some turkey and cranberry-sauce, not to speak of fish-balls and fried pudding, for the morning meal. Well, if we went away hungry, we

could feed upon the beauties of hill and valley, and so had our portion of the world's goods.

At Seefeld our coachman became thirsty, and whilst he went into an uninviting inn, we walked into church and churchyard, and found, from the inscriptions on the crosses, what exemplary persons had held the position of Post-innkeepers in the village, and how they and their wives had died in the odor of sanctity after supplying the traveling public with beds and beer and horses. Gilded post-horns were carved over their epitaphs. I was much entertained with one memorial. Most of the good people indulge in the luxury of a painting upon the memorial cross, instead of the photograph of the deceased, which I have sometimes seen in the gravevards of New England. Accordingly the rustic artist had adorned the cross of a German Judith with a "Judith holding the head of Holofernes," in nowise typical, we may hope, of the ways and tastes of the good frau, whilst she went about in Seefeld, and baked the sour bread and brewed the excellent By the time we had exhausted the church and the churchyard, and had learned what little there was to learn from an official telegram about the war between France and Prussia, our driver was pleased to go on; but although we were soon within ten miles of Innsbruck, we could not get him by Zirl without an hour and a half at least in that uninteresting village. "The best inn in the Tyrol," he said, but we could not, with Innsbruck before us, and our experience of these inns, be persuaded to dine, and betook ourselves again to the field of the dead, to read the names, look at the rude pictures. and read some of the really good devotional poetry. All delays were compensated a hundred fold by the magnificent scenery of our climbing and descending path, - winding down the sides of mountains, looking up to grand old ruins of church or tower, picking out the various objects of interest, as for example the cross that marks the miraculous escape of Maximilian from a peril of the chamois hunt, and coming continually upon curious old buildings, any one of which would call us out upon a pilgrimage in New England. descensus" is not a good proverb in this mountain-driving. It

is harder to go down than to go up, and I was somewhat concerned when I found that his frequent stops at the taverns had made our driver careless about the break and shoes. However, we drove safely into Innsbruck, not without a good deal of shouting on his part. He brought us on well, and was unreasonable only at the end, when, after having received more than we agreed to pay him, he was dissatisfied.

But if Ober-Ammergau has demoralized the coachmen and made the inn-keepers a little grasping, its Passion Play deserves all praise. It would be a blessing to New England. could we have it performed in one of our villages. It would wonderfully aid in handing down the Gospel Story. It would be necessary to import the performers. At present New England has not the necessary materiel. What an improvement would it be, for example, upon the Sunday-school Concert! We could hardly find, indeed, the grand panorama of mountains for the background of the life pictures, and should miss the mediaeval dress and ways of the peasantry; indeed it would be an importation and an exotic, we fear, every way; but if something very like it could grow out of our hard-lined Puritanism, I am sure we should be the gainers. May we hope that many of those who have been present at the feast have brought away in their hearts largely of its revering and childlike spirit!

We laugh at little children to see them part with rich jewels for silly trifles. And who doth not wonder at the folly of our first parents, that would lose paradise for an apple? And of Esau, that sold his birthright for a mess of pottage? Yet, alas! daily experience doth proclaim it, that many are so childish as to part with such rich and precious jewels as their immortal souls for base, unworthy trifles; and so foolish as to lose the celestial paradise, the kingdom of heaven, for earthly vanities, of whom it may be truly said, as Augustus Cæsar in another case, "They are like a man that fishes with a golden hook: the gain can never recompense the loss that may be sustained." — John Spencer.

GREETING.

HERE where the pine-trees sigh me welcome,
Here where the sweet birds call,
The shadows are dense, but the healing sunshine
Gathers and binds them all.

No voice resounds from his lowly dwelling Whose door is forever sealed, And a bunch of violets guards the threshold, By daisies and grass concealed.

I sit me down in the summer quiet,
My heart with his own would speak:
Is he far away, that I cannot find him
With language too dull and weak?

Is he far away? Nay, I feel him closer Sometimes, in these hours of thought, Than when as a visible human presence His figure and face were brought.

He bends from the peace which, beyond my dreaming, Follows his course like the sun, While I press through the mazes, half real, half seeming, That stretch toward a goal not won.

He is wise in the knowledge I can but gather
Fitfully and in part;
But the love of the loving, though deepest hearer
Draws after it heart to heart,

This green, green grave, it is very silent;
The breezes give no reply:
But the father sends to his child appealing
Some token that he is nigh.

C. M. P.

WANTED, -A MINISTER.

BY RICHARD ONEFACE, ESQ.

Our former minister, having a chance to do more good and get more salary, left us very suddenly, and we held a parish meeting to decide upon the kind of man we wanted and must have. As soon as we were called to order, so many suggestions were made all at once that it seemed doubtful if even the Angel Gabriel could meet all the requirements; but finally I managed to bring out my slow words, and said:—

"First of all, we want the best man that can be found,—the best in the true Christian sense. Whatever his personal appearance or intellectual qualifications, his character must be such that we shall all give him reverence and honor. He must be a man that we can look up to with genuine respect, as one who is sincerely trying to do himself what he enjoins on us. His life should commend our Unitarian faith to every man's conscience in the sight of God; and, if any one questions what the natural fruit of our religion is, I want to point to our minister and say, 'There you see it: that's just the fruit we are trying to raise.'

"I remember that at our last ordination Dr. D. said in his charge that the minister must be a great deal better than his people. I don't believe that was the right way to put it; for I looked over the audience and saw many members of the society, — some who in long years of sickness had never murmured, some who in bereavement had never lost faith, some who in health had worked all the time for God and humanity, and some who in wealth had shared everything with the poor and needy, — and I said to myself, 'That can't be done, Dr. D.; the minister can't be better than some of these people!' Still I do want a minister to be better than I am. I want him to climb higher up the mountain path and tell me how things look. I want him to go ahead and show me the way. It is not because I am too cowardly or too lazy to go first,

but merely because I have enough human nature to make me go faster if somebody in front of me is walking fast."

"I understand you," said the Professor who presides at our organ. "I was going down Boylston Street the other day when the bells were chiming 'Adeste Fideles,' and I walked very slowly, I remember, although I was thinking of something else. Suddenly I came to myself and found I had got into a two-forty pace, and on listening I noticed that the bells had changed to 'Carol, Carol, Christians,' and were playing it double-quick at that. I can't help keeping step to the music; and perhaps in the same way a minister's progress towards perfection affects the rate at which his people walk in the same direction."

"Then you will not vote for anybody whom you do not consider perfect," said an ex-minister in an inquiring tone.

"Yes I shall," was my reply; "but I shall not vote for him unless he is trying to be perfect. He must be going the way he preaches, or he will not have me for a parishioner. If he does not try to practice what he preaches, I prefer not to hear him. What is the use of having a man tell me to keep from this or that indulgence, when he does not abstain himself?—tell me to take cold baths, use a sensible diet, and care for my health, when he does nothing of the kind himself?—tell me to lead a prayerful life, when he doesn't pray, and to make my home happy, when he is grumbling and sulky in his?"

"Oh," said Miss Simple, "there are none of that kind in the ministry."

"Perhaps not in our highly favored land," was my reply; "but I am told that in England they have two disagreeable kinds of parsons; one is the fox-hunting parson who chases foxes on other folks' fields; and the other is the parson who doesn't chase the little foxes out of his own field. Now when a preacher says in a sermon, as one did, 'Do as I say, not as I do,' my inward response always is, 'I won't do either; I'll go somewhere else.' Of course he will see a higher good than he has yet reached, and will speak of it for his own sake and mine; but he must be striving to reach it, if he expects to do me any good."

"You want to feel about your minister," said the Captain, "as my brother Hank did about his, when, after a rough life in California, he came back to the States. For the first time, he found a preacher he believed in; and when one day at the hotel something was said about Jesus, Hank spoke out in his quick way, 'I don't know much about Jesus Christ, but if he was a better man than our parson I should like to have been acquainted with him."

"Something of that kind," was my answer. "Each one is helped by those above him. Jesus leads us to the Father; but, in the same way, other people who are better than we lead us to Jesus. The holier a man is, the more he can minister to the world."

Here Arnold, our artist-friend, switched the talk off on a side-track by remarking, "We don't want a man who is too good, — too far above us. If he is just a little better, we can get along with him and be helped by his example; but if he's 'so awful good,' as my little girl says, he is out of our sympathies and doesn't encourage us by his success. I was brought up to believe in the pre-existence of Christ, and in his being a connecting link between man and God; and I tell you honestly such a Christ does not help me by his example so much as any really good man or woman whom I meet in the streets. It is possible for a person to be too good to help us."

"You forget," cried I, "the two different ways in which another's character may help us. First, it makes us feel that a certain kind of life can be lived; and, to produce that effect, it is desirable that the doer should be altogether such a one as ourselves. The argument is, what man has done man can do. If he can conquer that vice I can. If he can gain a Christian character it must be in my reach too. Because he has done it, I can do it myself."

"And therefore," interrupted Arnold, "a good man helps me more than the angelic Christ in whom I was taught to believe."

"And yet," I continued, "another's character has a far higher value than simply to serve as an example to be imitated. Its chief benefit is that it inspires your soul and makes you long to reach a certain mark. The question whether you can copy the model exactly or not doesn't occur to you. All that you are conscious of is a reaching forth to the ideal which is so lovely and true. You wouldn't look, in our college days, at the common colored prints in the shopwindows, which you could have copied exactly, but spent four years in Europe among paintings which you acknowledge you cannot equal even now. You said the other day that Raphael and Turner had helped you more than all others, and yet you never expect to equal either of them. According to your own account, the more beautiful a painting is, the more it helps you, although by that very beauty it rises above your powers of copying exactly."

"That is so," said Arnold.

"Then you added that there was something which helped you still more. For, after Turner showed you how to look at sky and water, sky and water helped you more than he, and yet were much farther beyond you; and after Raphael helped you interpret human faces, human faces did you more good than his paintings, and yet were still more removed from your powers."

"You are right," said he.

"In other words, God, the perfect artist, helps you the most; and the nearer your model comes to perfection, the more good it does you. Turner aids you more than a sign-board; but God's own sunset scenes, which you can never imitate, aid you the most of all."

"That is true," said Arnold.

"Then no model can be too good, or too far above us; and even if Christ were God, as our Trinitarian brethren say, his character would only influence us the more. It would not help in the way of making us feel that we can do certain things, but in the far higher way of making us feel that we want to do them, and will never rest satisfied till we have done them."

"Do you then believe that Christ's example has any value under the Trinitarian system," inquired the Judge.

"Certainly," replied I, "the highest value of all. Did Jesus

tell us to imitate him, or to imitate God? Does your copy of the Gospel read, 'Be as good as your brother and sister'? and have you not read far enough in the book—and it is not so very far either—to see where it reads, 'Be ye perfect as your Father'? Some of you shrink from the idea of being aided by Christ's life if he is thought of as being anything more than a man. What, then, do you make out of his own words that we are to imitate the Father in heaven?"

Here the chairman closed the debate by saying, "This is purely speculative talk, because, however exalted his nature may be, Christ is not God; and yet we must all agree that our ancestors were right in urging that ministers should be godly men, — that is, God-like, — and that means, like God."

This subject of character being disposed of, the question was raised, "What theological opinions shall we look for?" Now we Unitarians are too non-committal to talk of that very freely, and it was only after a long silence that I said: "I want his theology to be in the same line of thought with my own. If it is not, I cannot heartily support him."

"That's just about what your liberality amounts to," cried the Judge. "You won't pay a cent for preaching if it does not come somewhere near your ideas of truth. Now I want a man who will teach me something new, — something besides what I already believe."

Knowing the Judge to be a red-hot Republican, I said to him, "In one of the campaign newspapers at your house,—let me see, was it the 'Post'?"——

"No," thundered he, not in my house; I never paid a dollar yet to support a Democratic newspaper."

"That's just what your liberality amounts to," said I.
"You won't pay a cent to support a political journal unless it comes somewhere near your ideas of truth. The 'New York Democrat' would have told you a great many more things which you do not yet believe than the 'New York Tribune' does."

"That is a different matter."

"Not at all," insisted I. "The examples are perfectly parallel. Neither one has anything to do with liberality or illiberality, but only with common sense. You and I both subscribe for the 'Advertiser,' because we believe in it. We like it for ourselves and for its influence in the community; but if it should ever so change as to become a Democratic paper, I, who can afford but one 'daily,' should not renew my subscription, unless I became Democratic too."

"But ought you not to read both sides if you are a good citizen?" asked the Captain.

"I do read Democratic papers occasionally," was my answer, but I subscribe to Republican ones alone. I read Calvinistic papers sometimes, but I subscribe only to those of our denomination. I went to a few Seymour meetings in the last presidential canvass, but what money I had to spare went to the Grant Club and the Tanners. So I go at times to hear preaching of all sorts; but when you ask me to pay fifty dollars a year for one particular kind, I have a choice as to what that kind shall be. I believe I am as ready as the Judge to hear all sides, and I am not afraid that a sermon will hurt me simply because I don't believe it; but there are twenty Trinitarian papers in New England to one Unitarian, and I don't think the Judge ever paid a single dollar to support one of that twenty."

"And never will either," interrupted he.

"That is just my feeling about the preaching," continued I. "Besides, we grown-up people are not the only ones to be considered. Full one-half of our society are 'under age,' and are taking a great many things on authority at present. So when I carry my children to church, I must carry them where they will hear what I think is true, or what I think is not true. Can I hesitate long about that? Then we have one of the largest Sunday schools in the city, counting in the Mission scholars, who greatly outnumber the others, and the pastor we are to choose will give it a general lessson every Sunday. Now shall we choose a man who will teach them what we believe is true, or what we believe is false? That is the question as it lies in my mind."

The Judge was only half convinced, for he soon approached the sbjuect from another side. "Would you not leave a minister free to speak his own thoughts, whether he agreed with you or not?"

"Most certainly," I answered. "But would not you have the people free to choose whom they will hear and whom they will not? If the '28th Congregational' preferred Mr. Blake's theology to Father Hecker's, they had a right to settle him; and it is very unfair in you to say they were illiberal and opposed to free thought, because they chose a man whose theology they liked, rather than one whose theology they did not like. I think that society did just right; but every other one must have the same privilege."

Our chairman, who had watched the discussion very carefully, now astonished us by speaking out and calling things by their proper names, which we, all along, had avoided. "You mean, Judge, that an ultra Conservative, like me, ought to support the minister even if he becomes an ultra

Radical, like you."

"That's just it," responded he.

"But," continued the Chairman, "if he becomes a Trinitarian, would you still help support him?"

"No; not a cent for any Trinitarian preacher under the sun."

"But surely," said the Chairman, "a man has a right to speak what he believes."

"Yes," was the answer; "but I shall not give up my right of choosing what I will hear."

"Well then," the Chairman continued, "we are all agreed at last that ministers may preach what they think is true, and that people may give their money for what *they* think is true."

When we look up to heaven and behold the sun shining in glory, or the moon and the stars walking in brightness, untaught nature prompts us to adore Him that made them, to bow down and worship in the temple not made with hands.

REALITIES.

OH never deem
This world a dream
Of things which are not what they seem;
For He who hurled
Through space this world,
And the starry skies above unfurled,
Can never lie,
And earth and sky
Are what He wrote for the human eye.

The fool, indeed,
Or child, may read
Only the letters, with careless heed,
And fail to see
What mystery
Contained in the sacred whole may be.

But he whose sight
Is open to light
Finds the page with heavenly glories bright,
Though the clearest ray
Of the infinite day,
Through this elder scripture beaming alway,
Gives the steadfast hope
That there yet shall ope,
On our stronger vision, a wider scope;
When, through Christ's grace,
We face to face
Shall see what passeth all time and space,
When the brightest dream
Of the present shall seem

Yet bright also
Is the present glow
Of the glories of Heaven that round us flow;

But darkness beside that immortal beam.

And on Nature's face We still may trace The tokens of Godhead in every place.

In every line
God's power divine,
His love and wisdom, steadily shine.
In his hand we lie,
And, with dazzled eye,
Read his glorious truth on earth and sky.

т. н.

REFLECTIONS.

THE men who "build better than they know" are those who build as conscience bids; for the conscience is wiser than the intellect.

Trust in God increases with moral progress, for we gradually learn that our good is proportioned to our observance of his laws.

Faith is the alchemy which turns
To good the ills of life,
Transmutes to light and power and peace
Toil, sorrow, pain, and strife,
And sublimates our crumbling clay
To nobler frames, which never can decay.

Providence presents truths in proportion as men fit their minds to receive them.

We pray for what we wish, but God gives us what we need.

If it were not for our trials we should not have strength to resist our temptations.

The rough realities of life Invigorate the soul, And plucking strength from toil and strife It presses to its goal. The surest way of excelling others is to be always striving to excel one's self.

Men think too much of what Christ died for, and too little of what he lived for.

Inspired writings would be liable to be misunderstood by all except inspired readers.

New things attract by promising good which old ones have failed to afford.

The progress of the world resembles the process always going on in the body by which fresh elements take the place of effete ones.

Life-long companions see in each other's faces the past blended with the present, the old moon in the new moon's arms.

Obituary eulogies show that "none but good men die." A French epigram, in the form of an epitaph on an infant, expresses the same idea. It may be translated thus:—

Had he lived to be old, No tongue could have told His worth as a husband and father and friend; Alas that a year brought his life to an end!

The pride of superiority is least where the superiority is greatest.

Misconduct suspected is apt to be magnified, so that a man is often obliged to confess the ill which he has done in order to escape being thought worse than he is.

E. w.

It is observable in the very course of nature, that the highest spheres are always the swiftest in their motion, and carry about with them the inferior orbs by their celerity; the biggest stars in the firmament are evermore the brightest, and give lustre unto those of less magnitude. Thus men that bear authority, that are eminent in power and dignity, that excel in riches and command, are placed in the highest sphere of human society, to this end, that, like sons of God, they might shine brightly unto their inferiors by their godly life and example. — John Spencer.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

My love of reading was, from early boyhood, almost a passion; but in those days books were rare, and hence I pored over a few, such as "Robinson Crusoe," "Phillip Quarles," "Sanford and Merton," - an excellent book, by the way, full of useful knowledge, and I am glad to see it lately reprinted, - and "Pilgrim's Progress," of which I never tired. These latter, and perhaps two or three others, sank deeply into my mind, and strengthened its best tendencies. It was fortunate for me that the present flood of novelettes for children was then unknown. For I should have read every one of them that came in my way. Negatively, at least, it was a great thing, for I was saved the waste of time and the mental dissipation caused by these frivolous stories. One book I recollect vividly which, next to the Bible, made the deepest moral impression on my mind. It was called, "A Monument of Parental Affection," and gave a touching account of a father's love for a dear boy, who exhibited every noble and tender quality of character, united to a remarkable intellect. It took a strong and lasting hold of me, not only melting me to tears, but inciting me to hope for and aspire to something of the rare piety and the generous virtue it portrayed. It is the only volume, excepting the old hymn-book before mentioned, that has come down from the wreck of those days. Some twentyfive years ago I had it rebound, and nothing would tempt me to part with it.

Complaints are heard in these days, on all sides, of the want of good books for our Sunday-school libraries. I believe our children are harmed beyond measure by the amount of worthless productions now put into their hands even for their Sunday reading. We have a few good books of this class, but by a large part of their reading their imagination is misled, and their whole character is more or less perverted, through the fictitious and false views of life they often receive from this source. Our invaluable "Ladies' Commission" is

doing a noble work toward counteracting this great and growing evil; but, unhappily, it stands almost alone in its unwearied efforts.

Why have we not more genuine biographies of childhood written out of the mind, heart and memory of those so competent in our day to give us personal reminiscences of their own early experiences? Such productions, while they awakened that interest which gathers round human life at every age and in every station, could hardly fail of a pure, moral influence. It requires genius, I know, to do this work with skill and power. But even imperfect success would often suffice to interest the young readers of such books. True, the age craves high stimulants, and healthful fiction, like that of Dickens, for example, is good; but I still believe a simple and honest tale of almost any one's life, going back to the shadows of infancy, would prove that in many a case, "truth is stranger than fiction." In any event, the writers of such narratives would be benefactors of their race; they would, when united, be a breakwater to this tide of corrupt fiction which is vitiating multitudes of our children.

Let me, then, throw a pebble against the tide by going on with my tale. I recall, with sadness, the day when news came of the death of my maternal grandfather. No more should I see that living face or hear those gentle tones in which he always spoke to me. He had somehow seemed nearer to me than my own father; and since I have been a grandparent myself, I understand this feeling. Age softens the character, and makes one a little blind to those faults on which the parent is naturally intent, and which he uses his authority to correct. In my own childhood this duty was performed with a strictness, and sometimes a severity, of which we see few traces in the present day. Besides this, grandparents are verging toward their own second childhood, and they sympathize, naturally, with those as yet in their first childhood. My good grandfather, how kind he was, how we all loved him. I can see now that he must have had strong traits of character, for he was honored in the church, in the town and State, and in a military capacity by the commission

he held during the war of the Revolution. But still, many an hour he had sported with me, a little child again himself, and it cost me bitter hours to think I should never more sit on his knee and enjoy his sweet smile.

There came up those Sabbath-days when I went with my grandparents to the old church, of which I have before spoken. There stood the venerable minister, in his full robes, the wig. the bands and the gloves, with the right-hand thumb half cut off to aid in turning over the leaves of the sermon. I could look at these things for a while and be amused. But I did wish he would not preach so long, for the hour-glass was turned at least once before the end came. Frail nature would often give way, and I sank to sleep, my head in the soft lap of my grandmother. One thing I enjoyed amazingly: when the minister had read the hymn, the grave and aged deacon. who sat in a kind of box below and in front of the pulpit, would rise and lead it off, two lines at a time, and the people would sing the two lines with their whole soul and might. I have often thought, with this good man in mind, how appropriate the phrase, "deaconing off the hymn." His pronunciation was not faultless. I remember, especially, a hymn beginning thus, as rendered by the deacon with a strong nasal twang:-

"The swallow hath a *neast* prepared, Wherein her young to lay."

This, and other similar renderings, would cause me to laugh, but a slight shake from my guardian spirit would soon bring me back to the gravity I saw all around me. And yet, with all its blemishes, I think that singing came up far nearer to the standard of a true Christian worship than much I hear in these days, where, not the congregation, but the choir execute the church music. When I witness some of the modern displays, I feel that the minister should no longer say, "Let us sing," &c., but rather this: "Let our choir entertain us with their singing," &c. I can pardon many sins against the art and science of music; I could almost excuse a nasal twang equal to the good old deacon's; I do always excuse much imperfection in the joy with which I listen to the thousand voices

at a grand Methodist meeting, where heart and soul rise as the multitude sing praise to God.

I have seen, too, so much evil come from discords in our choirs, that I have again and again wished the whole congregation could be trained to perform this service in reality, which they now only profess to do. I remember in the church I attended when young, for some supposed slight, on a certain Sunday, our whole choir had left the orchestra without any notice whatever. The minister gave out the hymn begining:—

"In duties and in suffering, too, My Lord I fain would trace."

The words seemed appropriate to his situation at that moment; for he rose, and evidently with a great struggle for self-command, started the singing himself.

And now I must go back again to the schroolroom. Indeed, so large a part of a child's life is spent in this place, that I find it difficult to turn my memory from it. It was the custom, the town being divided into school districts, to give each district the same sum of money. But in the centre, where I lived, the teacher's wages were high, and the winter term was consequently shorter than those in the outskirts. When our school was over, I was sent, sometimes for several weeks, to one of these outposts. See me trudging along, north, south, east, west, with my satchel full of books and some choice bits for dinner. I enjoyed these supplementary weeks, on the whole, greatly. I made new and pleasant acquaintances in this way, and generally, by my habits of study and order, won the favor of the various teachers. One season I became, by this practice, a schoolmate with Theodore Parker. He was then, as ever after, an indefatigable student. and stood high in all his classes. His father I knew well; he had, on many an occasion, given new life and action to my father's disordered pump. He was a grave person, and a man of few words. Theodore's mother was considered by her neighbors a very intelligent woman, - another instance of mental power transmitted by that parent to a son of distinction.

Like other scholars, I had my favorite branches of study, and there were others to which I was specially averse. I enjoyed grammar, and seldom feared to encounter a rival in parsing; but for arithmetic I entertained a strong dislike, and never, to this day, have I overcome my disrelish for mathematics. I attribute this, in part, to the circumstance that I began the study by using an old arithmetic of my brother's, in which he, excelling in figures, had written out all the work of each "sum." Mr. Adams, the author, made a book, good for those days perhaps, but I cannot forgive him for leaving those blank spaces in his arithmetic. I blame, too, the teachers of that period, although it might have been a sin of ignorance, for allowing their scholars to use arithmetics with the work wrought out before them. But in spelling I made up part of my defect. It was, at that time, the universal pactice to spell for places; we usually had a spelling match on Saturday forenoon; and the competitor who could keep the head of his class for the day received, I recollect, from one of my teachers, a present of paper and quills. With what glee did I bear this treasure, on happy days, - no silver cup prize could look more precious, - home to my approving parents.

In my tenth year I met with a loss which has saddened me to this hour. A dear little brother of four sickened, and after long months of pining by consumption, was taken from us by death. I stood by his bedside, and, for the first time in my life, saw the great mystery of our being, the pallid cheek, the quivering chin, the struggle for breath, the glazed and fixed eyes, and then my sweet brother was gone. So spotless, so bright, and yet gentle, so heavenly, he had been always, as at that moment, what an opportunity here was to learn how slight the partition is between this and the future life, and how insignificant is the mere event of death. But the occassion was lost upon me; and the angel boy was only spoken of as "poor A." He was made an object of unmingled pity, while we were still saved from the grasp of the unseen monster. Had this pure one been a sinner of a hundred years, more gloom and terror could not have been thrown over the

event. Would that some kind friend might then have whispered to me, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The removal of a young spirit from the family circle affords a rich occasion to parents for leading their children into right views of our unchanging and glorious immortality. I see, at this day, the most opposite courses taken at such times. one instance the subject was alluded to by the father and mother as seldom as possible, and the children were led into amusements and frivolities, and kept as much as possible from thinking about the event or feeling much in regard to it. In a another case the departed child was talked of as freely as if she had gone only on a short journey. The parents, full of grief, were cheerful amid it all; and the children, instead of feeling any special terror on the occasion, were taught by the language and whole deportment of their parents, that heaven was very near, a real and blessed home, to which their dear sister, not lost, had only gone a little before them. Here was faith, - a genuine, practical, and ever-abiding faith, it will be, - in Him who is the resurrection and the life.

I remember many experiences at the period in question, which showed the impressibility of my nature, and what valuable lessons might then have been, indirectly as well as directly, fixed on my mind and heart. We are told that a teacher cannot do his scholars much good unless he secures their affections. If any doubt this they cannot reasonably doubt that parental influence loses its hold on a child who is repelled from the expression of love to his parents. We must establish in him good principles, but these must be rooted in the heart. Up to this time I had the privilege of giving my mother and sisters a kiss as I left them for the night. But now I was a "great boy," and on one and another occasion it was more than hinted to me that I was too old to do this any more. The suggestion sent a pang through my heart. Two old, thought I, to show my dear mother that I love her? So old that I must shut myself up in selfishness and loneliness? That was the mistaken idea of those days; and I should have been a better boy, and man too, had I come forward at the present time, when a true faith and practice between parent and son are prevalent. God forbid that I ever myself repel a child from my arms, or ever become too old to enjoy the luxury of his kiss.

My sympathies and attachments were peculiarly strong, as several incidents at that time go to demonstrate. When a cousin of my own age came from a distance to visit me, the whole world was transformed in my sight, and the parting was like that of lovers. A little boy, strangers to us all, once came by chance to my father's roof, and was detained there for several days. We were congenial spirits, and the day he left me I was filled with grief, and from that day to the present have been a firm believer in personal spheres and special harmonies. My father and mother, about this time, were absent from home for several weeks. I was heart-broken during the whole separation; and, when they returned, instead of rushing out to meet them, I went to a distant room and gave way to irrepresible tears of joy. These sentiments ought then to have been trained by wise culture into solid, enduring principles. That they were not so always must be charged to a venial error; for never had a child parents more thoroughly consecrated to duty.

Among other false ideas prevalent in my childhood, was that embodied in the maxim: "Little children should be seen. not heard." I recall a family, some twelve in number, with whom I was intimate for many years, where the large circle of children sat around the table at every meal with never a word spoken except to ask for some article of food before them. I do not wonder that this habit disqualified some of those children for conversation in their subsequent life. Strong counteracting influences in later days enabled a portion of them to converse with ease. But in others the natural fruit of this training was seen in an unhappy reserve and an incapacity for free conversation in general society. Who can marvel that, educated as we were to perfect silence at a period when the mind and the tongue are specially flexile, so many of us grew up timid, bashful and speechless in company? I can see a vast improvement in this respect among the children of the present day. Some, it is true, are too forward and presuming for their age. But this is as the chaff to the wheat; for the constant repression and restraint on the lips are fatal to the full education of a child. If I had been encouraged and taught to express myself freely and properly in my boyhood, I should have been saved the mortification, awkwardness and embarrassment which have always haunted me in society. I should have been able to interest and improve others by communicating valuable knowledge, and to render a moral service to others, the failure to do which has caused me unspeakable regret. I could then, too, have done justice to my thoughts and feelings, instead of standing, as I have on a thousand occasions, like a statue, abashed, misunderstood, and either intentionally, which, I trust, was in some cases unjustly suspected by me, or unintentionally misrepresented by others.

Let the child, I say, be heard as well as seen; step by step, as you store his intellect and develop his character, educate him to converse well. From the hour when he begins to think and speak, he should be trained, just as in the branches of school study, so in this high branch of clear and full expression by the tongue, to impart with self-possession and accuracy every idea and every feeling he has that is worthy of being communicated to others.

I pass, for a moment, to some of our old-time amusements. It was the custom with boys of my age to use the gun more generally than is now practiced. Multitudes of harmless birds were then sacrificed. There was annually, in our town, on the first day of May a shooting match, in which field and forest were devasted for our sport. I recollect, on one of those days, two huge piles of these innocent creatures lay on our "common," with the dew of the morning upon them. The only redeeming feature of this indiscriminate slaughter was the circumstance that certain noxious birds, such as the crow, the hawk and the blackbird, which waged war on the cornfields, held a high rank in the scale of prizes, counting double and sometimes quadruple in the decision of the victory. Thanks to the bird law and the growing humanity of the age, this murderous work has, for some years, been arrested.

Those bright songsters, who so often herald the praises of their Creator and charm us with their matinees, and, by their rich plumage, regale the eye, as their notes do the ear, are now, in some instances, sheltered from destruction. We owe them a debt, not always acknowledged, for the millions of pernicious insects they consume. Therefore depredations on the cherry, the pea or the strawberry in our gardens, or even on the corn-blades in the field, are atoned a thousand fold by the delicious music they furnish us, and by their daily utility as protectors of our choice flowers, and of every vegetable we prize.

Providence. — A true faith in Providence does not degrade the idea of the divine love by any mixture of human selfishness, or by regarding as its aim the gratification of our earthly wishes. The true spirit of this faith says, "Not my will, but thine, be done." Providence may just as probably disappoint our wishes as fulfill them. Our true spiritual and eternal good does not depend upon any temporal enjoyment; and even in our troubles and sorrows we have reason enough to bless the divine goodness. We often do not join submission to faith in Providence, and use the latter only to inspire us with hope. And this appears an abuse of the doctrine, where it is made a mere means of administering comfort to the wounds of a worldly selfishness. — De Wette.

He that is to climb up some high ladder must not think that, setting his foot upon the lowest round, he can skip over all the rest, and be at the top, without evident danger to himself. Such is the course of our life, just like a ladder of many rounds set up to some high place; the first step is (or of necessity should be) the thought of God and goodness; and the last step, the full assurance of heaven: but there are in the middle many other steps, of means, consideration, deliberation, &c., how to love God above all things, and our neighbors as ourselves, and how to demean ourselves in the midst of a crooked and froward generation, which, if we miss and step over, no marvel if we never come to the top, but perish in the midway to all eternity. — John Spencer.

HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

O NOT in temples made with hands, All-present God! thy home is found; In thought thy glorious temple stands, Still widening with creation's bounds.

Where'er, with lowly, loving mind,
Thy children yearn to work with thee,
From every base desire refined,—
Thy temple there begins to be.

And where thy truth is purely sought
By souls that long thy life to share
In reverent, free, and patient thought,—
Thy temple's corner-stone is there.

And when, in grateful praise and prayer, Our spirits mount above the skies, Thy temple-spires, O Father! there In pure and radiant beauty rise.

Within these walls, O God, may we Thy spirit's chosen temple find, In tender nearness drawn to thee Through converse of the pious mind.

When every earthly temple's wall
Shall sink in slow and sure decay,
Thou wilt, O God, be all in all,
The temple of unfading day!

C. T. B.

The best shelter that the world affords us is the first, — the affections into which we are born, and which are too natural for us to know their worth till they are disturbed.

WOMAN'S MINISTRY, AS EXEMPLIFIED IN SOUTHERN SCHOOLS.

A SERMON. BY REV. G. L. CHANEY.

Aquila and Priscilla salute you much in the Lord, with the church that is in their house. — I Cor. xvi. 19.

PAUL is writing from Ephesus to Corinth. When he was at Corinth he had lived in the house of Aquila and Priscilla. Aguila was of the same trade as himself, and Paul worked with him on week days that he might earn the privilege of preaching on Sundays. It was natural, when he was writing to the Corinthians, that he should send them the regards of their old neighbors. Aquila and Priscilla, who had now emigrated to Asia with Paul and settled at Ephesus. Later, in his letter to the Romans. Paul calls this couple his "helpers in Christ Jesus, who had for his life laid down their own necks," and he sends greeting to the church that is in their house at Rome. It was at their house in Ephesus that Apollos was prepared in full for the Christian ministry. Thus wherever the family settled: - at Corinth, at Ephesus, or at Rome, they had a church established in their house, and so good a church that Paul singled it out as most worthy of his salutation. In those days, it seems, a church could be accommodated in a dwelling-house. The church was planted in the home. The work of the ministry then was not how to get many families into one church building, but how to get one church life into many families. In these primitive churches established in the household, woman could take the place her religious nature marked out for her, without the sacrifice of her privacy or the neglect of her home duties. Priscilla was so influential in the church that was in her house that Aquila, her husband, is never mentioned without her, and several times she is mentioned first, as if in recognition of her preeminent force of character. There was no steeple on her humble home in Corinth when her husband made tents with Paul. She had no fine library or corps of learned professors

in her transient residence at Ephesus, where she nevertheless fitted Apollos for the ministry. At Rome her little church must have been gathered in a house as far removed from the grandeur of the St. Peter's of to-day as the early Christians were removed in character from the present Romish type. And yet she housed a church of Christ, and ministered to it, as God gave her power. She is only one of many women whom Paul praises as his fellow-laborers in Christ, — Phebe, a succorer of many, including Paul himself; Mary, who bestowed much labor on him; the beloved Persis, who labored much in the Lord; Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labored in the Lord; Julia, and the sister of Nereus.

I am held by these names and the record of the homely fortunes of the early church, and compelled to ask if there are not some parallels in these modern days to this simple time when the church kept house on the common street, and did her work in an humble but honest way, like other good housekeepers in her neighborhood. Are there not women in our time, with or without their Aquila, who, like Priscilla, Mary, and Persis, labor much in the Lord, and feed the nascent churches with their generous devotion? And if there are, why are they not held in as sacred honor as in the days of Paul, and named among the ministers of the church?

It has been my privilege within the year, to see such women, and to visit the churches which are in their hands; and I shall ask you to receive my testimony to the Christian ministration of woman as exemplified in southern schools.

I see a plainly dressed woman sitting in her bare room and talking to some visitors from the north, of whom I am one. There is a nervous energy in every word she says and in every motion she makes. Hard work and anxiety of mind have left their marks upon her. But as the falling of the leaves in autumn only shows the better the fruit that has been ripening there, so the ripe results of a life struggle, sacrifice and victory, show themselves in the expression of this woman's worn face. She is talking in a highly strung manner, partly due to the excitement of seeing friends of her

cause, but more largely to the intensity of her particular character and work. There is a troublesome pleasure in listening to her earnest story of her doings and hopings, very much as you may enjoy a singer's high notes, trembling all the while lest they should break and let the music fall. Her story goes back to a period soon after the close of the war, when single-handed she entered Wilmington and opened her free public school.

Suspected, feared, disliked, threatened even with the loss of her life, she worked on, returning blessing for cursing, until at length she turned scoffers into prayerful adherents, and to-day she offers to show us her school buildings, with their seven schools and three hundred pupils of the poorer white population sitting together, clothed and in their right mind.

We gladly agree. We have come to see them. She leads the way across the sandy street, through a field lately plowed with earth-works, the scars of the war, and then along a straight and narrow way, up to the schoolroom door. That opened, we are face to face with the scholars of the main schoolroom. A bright-faced teacher is superintending them; and some gentlemen and ladies are on the platform hearing the recitation. They are residents of Wilmington visiting the school. In adjoining rooms we find an older department, and a helpless little company taking their first steps in the primer. A touch of the bell brought silence and eager attention. A word lifted all to their feet. A motion of the hand guided the line of march, and soon all the school were gathered in the main room and waited the word of their general.

"That woman could command an army," said the visitor from the town who sat next me. And indeed I felt, as I saw the military precision with which each movement had been made, and the perfect discipline of this little army, composed of the most unruly elements human nature can muster, boys and girls at their least tractable age, that the man who would deny to woman the power of command and authority had not fully searched her character and accomplishments.

And yet this perfect discipline was as nothing, when compared with what followed. Then another and a higher power appeared. The thin, nervous figure, with bended head and hand uplifted, moved before her scholars, more as if she were moved by some power, not her own, than purposely, and with an emphasis of personal conviction as to the truth of her word, powerful to hear, she talked to them. The most common rules of good conduct came like fresh commandments out of heaven. Taken apart from the speaker's personality, there was nothing marked in any of the teaching. But there was an influence in the tones, motions, pauses, in the very silence of this woman, which was most sanctifying. At the sound of her voice, the little schoolroom became a vast cathedral, — the band of scholars a worshiping assembly; the tinkle of the bell came through the hushed silence like the signal for the elevation of the Host in the solemn ceremonial of the Romish Church. It was the unconsidered moment when principles that are to govern men's lives are planted; impulses that tend heavenward are started, and the recreating spirit of God and his Christ enters in and takes possession of the soul.

Is it any wonder that I felt that here in this humble school was a true minister of the Christian gospel? - that here was a priestess ordained by God to be the channel of his renewing Spirit? Shall I stop to ask for her diploma of graduation at a divinity school, or hesitate because she is a woman, or doubt because her pulpit is a school-platform? I tell you nay! In such ministers, I recognize the elect of God, to do his work and set up his kingdom in the earth, and with such ministers I pray one day to be worthy to be counted. The ministry of the gospel, in its largest sense, includes everything which will make a better man and a better society in the world. I find myself oftentimes in closer fellowship with men and women, who have no reverend prefix to their names, than with my brethren of the cloth. And, if I find man or woman working to level up humanity to the gospel standard, I care little what his profession or title may be. My companions in the ministry are such men and women, where-

ever found. Thus, when I visit a school and see the teacher moulding the characters of a company of children, and really educating them in the gospel by a practical putting of its precepts in their patient and faithful lives, more potent than any study of its formal truths could be, I feel that here are ministers of Christ. If I take my instances from Southern schools, it is not because I do not feel the same fraternity with the teachers of our own section. But the Southern schools are rather better adapted to illustrate the ministerial calling, because they are mission schools. Their teachers go forth with the missionary spirit; and being under private guidance, they are not limited, like the agents of state education, to a prescribed course. Many of the teachers carry on Sunday-schools as well as day-schools. But, beyond this, the Southern teacher must feel a larger responsibility for her children than as if she were in a community where a settled society could do much to supplement her efforts. She is, by the very helplessness of her charge, teacher, mother, sister, friend, and minister. It is in the endeavor to fill all these relations that these women have revealed such stores of wit and devotedness, and risen to the full stature of the best accredited ministers of God. Their pale, earnest faces come before me now as I have seen them at Richmond, at Hampton, at Charleston, at Jacksonville, and I cannot keep them distinct from the glorious company of the apostles who join with the noble army of martyrs in the praise of God. see dusky faces lighting up in response to the quickening word and look of the woman who fronts them, as the night turns to day before the sun. Love and resolution have made class and teacher as one person, so that the intelligence that is in her flashes into their minds as it shines in her own. I have rarely seen an audience so possessed by the personality of the greatest orator as these scholars are by their teacher in her best action. Let her rise with the knowledge of her opportunity and live interest in the study, and her class rise and partake of her life. I have seen faces, that seemed doomed to dullness by the very character of their features. filled with a lively intelligence, as they learned a new distinc336

tion in language, a new emphasis in reading, a new process in arithmetic, or a new fact in science or history. And it was not the mere addition of so much to their stock of learning which redeemed them; it was their participation in the teacher's spirit of truth and generous zeal in its diffusion. An exercise in reading became of necessity, under such training, a moral discipline. The sum in arithmetic became a spiritual operation. I can scarcely forbear giving names as I recall, at Hampton, a recitation in reading and definition. selection for reading was a tribute to virtuous indignation as a part of manly character. The vigorous rendering of the piece by the enthusiastic woman who guided the recitation. her nice distinction of meaning, her true gradations of emphasis, her startling way of catching the attention of her pupils, and the skill with which she held their minds intent upon the business of the hour, were the perfection of education. So at Charleston, in the Shaw School, I saw women who had put so much soul into their work that it seemed as if their bodies were outgrown by the spirit that possessed them. Their command over their rude charge was beyond description. One look into the play-ground at recess time would discourage the best friend of these children. They were an indiscriminate mob of screaming, kicking, tearing humanity in its nearest approach to the brute. In the passing of a door-way they were a noiseless procession of wellbehaved children, filing to their places and obedient to the least look of their superintendent. I question if a better instance of the power of character, intelligence and devotion, over rude human nature, can be shown than that given by these Southern school-teachers. It stirs the heart, like some brave passage at arms, to see a fair, slender woman face this company of rough children, and with modest voice and gesture, lead them through a song, an anthem, or a recitation, We read with kindling admiration in history or romance of the daring and strength of valiant soldiers, who, venturing into the thick of the enemy, fight a bloody way back to their own lines. And shall we give less glory to the women who. going unarmed into the thick of a hostile population, took

fearless possession of the land and made a bloodless path of peace for their enemies' children to walk in? To me their work is so high that I know none higher. Their victory is so pure that I am anxious to claim it as the real ministry of Jesus Christ. All the more because they have not gone with a sectarian commission, or for purely ecclesiastical ends, they have done the true work of liberation and renewal, which is the work of the Christian Church. Do not ask me, if they read the Bible and explain its meaning; if they hold meetings for prayer and do pastoral labor, - as though these things, and only these, could constitute the true minister. Some of them do, some do not. I doubt not all of them could. But of how small consequence becomes the habitual reading of a portion of the Bible by the side of a daily and hourly exemplification of its primal truths in the life of the teacher! I cannot but think that the question of the daily reading of the Bible or any religious book in schools has assumed a factitious importance, and occupies too large a share of public apprehension. It is the living, speaking and controlling man or woman whom you choose as your children's teacher who will affect their convictions. Let him do his duty in a Christian spirit, and the children will imbibe that spirit. Children are not long deceived. No Scripturereading by an indifferent voice will save them from the degrading influence of daily contact with an indifferent man, nor will any omission of the daily reading of the Bible in school interfere with the really quickening and purifying influence of a true Christian character in their teacher. If you are really concerned for the influence of your child's school upon his religious character, take care that the teacher is His character will outweigh whatever he may religious. read. I believe in most of the Southern schools the Bible is read daily, and religious songs are frequently sung. But if they were not, the example of self-sacrificing love, which is the essence of the gospel and the practice of the Christian virtues, would make these teachers the very best ministers and promoters of the gospel of Christ. I cannot tell you with what thankfulness I found this real work of the

ministry carried on by untitled man and woman in the Southern schools. It was as if a voice from heaven had said, "These are my apostles whom I have sent into my vineyard." And I felt that however small the band of youthful candidates for the ministry in our divinity schools; however lacking some of them might be in that enthusiasm of humanity, which is the first and last qualification of the Christian ministry, God had not suffered his work to languish. While we had been slowly grinding out ministers on scientific principles in monastic laboratories, he had been anointing his ministers in the highways of life. Let me not seem to undervalue the study of theology and the services of those venerable scholars who would uphold the high standard of scholarship in the pulpit. They have their work, and their graduates have their calling. But they do not cover the whole ground. Far less do their students make up the list of divinely ordained ministers of the Christian gospel. Divine Providence, while it accepts our conscientious labors in its service, and blesses our plans and methods with a success far beyond its merits, it is hardly necessary to say, is not limited to these plans and methods. The course of that Providence, as traceable in history, has been ever to select unnoticed agents for the accomplishment of its great designs. Among the sons of Jesse, the uncounted shepherd-boy is the chosen candidate for Israel's king.

"O God, Thou hast regarded the low estate of thy hand-maiden," sings the mother of Jesus. And in women, pitiful and helpful to Christ's little ones, I am thankful to recognize the calling of God to the Christian ministry. I rejoice to know that while we have been discussing methods of ministerial training, and the eligibility of woman to its office, God has settled both questions by giving the ordination of his Spirit to these Christian teachers.

I believe, further, that the direction in which these women's work is taking them is towards a truer and better church than we now have. When that woman, whose work in Wilmington I have described, came to our room at the hotel and knelt upon the floor in the intentness of her purpose, by that act

unconsciously making her petition to God while she was unfolding her desires to me, I felt at first the discomfort which always accompanies a strange action. I wished she would not do it. But as she talked I forgot all that was strange or too urgent in the manner in my sympathy with her plan and wish. It was no less than the wish to be in the best way a Christian minister, and her plan contained in germ the likeness of the church I most believe in. She wanted a good building, pleasantly located, furnished with a cheerful audience-room above, and rooms for school and social purposes below.

In the lower rooms she would gather her day-school, and carry out whatever Christian enterprise seemed most needed in that community. The upper room should be her church, where, on Sundays, Sunday-school and such other congregations as she might gather should meet. It was the ancient Church of Priscilla on a scale commensurate with the present proportions of Christianity as a professed religion. the church towards which, from the other end, we have been steadily making progress in this our Christian fold. I was startled to find how exactly this woman, in her lonely post, and far away from communication with us, had conceived the idea of a church which had been steadily getting defined in this community. Such a church I had been praying for. I had not thought of her as its minister. I am not sure that she will be able to meet the requirements of her own church when it is completed. But she has the plan; she has made the beginning; she feels the call; and I believe she ought to have the opportunity of working out her design, and all the help a liberal Christian people, not afraid of new methods and unaccustomed agents, can give her. To me, her hope is an inspiration, and her plan a ripe result of prayerful study of the needs of man and the mission of the gospel. I believe that she and her sisters in the Southern schools are divinely called, and have been providentially fitted, to carry out the grandest missionary work of the century.

With this year, the Southern States will assume the support and control of their schools. It is probable that this action

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will release some of the best of these teachers from their present positions. Their schools, under ignorant inspectors, or men servile to political influence, will unquestionably fall from their present high standard. But these women, maintained at the conspicuous centres of the South, and supplied with the means of conducting high-toned and high-standard schools, could do very much to keep up the standard of the State schools. This alone would be a service worthy of Christian support. But what if some far-sighted people could be found who would select the most devoted of these women and supply them with the apparatus of both school and church! What if such buildings as Miss Bradlev asks for—buildings capable of uniting the activities of your popular unions, your best churches, and your schools - could be built, and these whole-souled women established as their ministers! Might not one expect an entrance of practical Christianity into regions now barred against it, if such a system were begun? Might not the church of Priscilla succeed where the church of Thomas has failed? And would not the missionary enterprise, thus put on foot in the lines marked out by events and traced by divinely-guided workers, succeed as no other mission has succeeded since the days of Paul and the women who labored much with him in the Lord? I say the church which is wise will lay its injunction upon these women to be its missionaries. Let them, with whatever manly companionship and aid they need, be sent into the field and kept there! Let them in unions, churches, schools, - give them what names you will, — do the work of forming Christian character, as they have been doing, only with larger means, and the gospel. which found no acceptance in its suit of black and offer of conventional services, will enter open doors in the form of a servant of man.

I am not making a plea for sectarian schools. Far from it. The school is only one of many agencies to be employed in this composite mission. The school should be kept strictly in the interest of what is called secular education, and should furnish the best of that kind of training. The other departments of the Union Church should be engaged in supplying

the discovered needs of the people, whatever they might be. And I would have the laborers so devoted to the general good as to have no time for merely private interests. If the-ological lines got rubbed out in the process, and "Unitarian" came to describe in the popular ear, not merely the people agreed in the dogma of the Divine Unity, but a people striving to perfect the unity of man in a labor and worship suited to their common human nature,—if they ceased to call us "Unitarian," and pronounced it "unite-arian" because we were broad enough to include all sects in our larger ministry to mankind, so much the better; so much the grander our success.

But I have said enough to show the outline of that church of the future, which is surely being wrought out of the deep religious inquiry, the outspoken impatience of coventional church-life, the experiments of unions and associations, the battle of the schools, and the friction of the old and the new everywhere in thought and society. The promise is a church which shall carry on, as a part of her daily work, all the charities, courtesies, kindnesses, intimacies, exchanges of mutual love and care, which are common to the best associations for self-protection in enjoyment, and shall hallow them all with its divine sanctions and its holy ordinances. In that day, when you cannot count over your blessings, your church shall stand first, and every man in every need, looking out for a friendly hand, will go to his church as to his best neighbor.

Among the powers selected of God to bring about this happy day, I find none more commanding than the band of experienced women whose humane enthusiasm carried them to the South, and whose dutiful devotion still keeps them at their post.

"Aquila and Priscilla salute you with the church that is in their house." Arthur and Mary salute you with the church that is in their school in Charleston. Samuel and Jane salute you with their devout household on the river James. And Amy, who has labored much in the Lord, saluteth you with her infant church in Wilmington. I

know not what answer the ancient Corinthians returned to this friendly greeting; but I do know that, under God, the future welfare of the church depends upon the answer you make to his chosen ministers in these latter days.

THE

VALIDITY OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

BY THOMAS HILL, L.L. D.

THE Psalmist writes that it is the fool who says in his heart, There is no God. And truly one might doubt the intellectual prudence and soundness of judgment of one who should dogmatically utter so astounding a negative. It is difficult to prove any negative, with absolute certainty, much more to prove the negative of a proposition which is almost unanimously affirmed, in some form or other, by every nation and tribe of men, unless it be by some of the smallest and most imbruted tribes of savages; a proposition which has been affirmed by some men of no mean power to be self-evident; and which a large number of the most critical thinkers of our race have declared to be at least as evident as any proposition not self-evident can be. Consider what a variety of arguments, drawn from every conceivable source, within the soul and without, from nature and from history, have been brought forward in all ages, by the best thinkers of all nations, and deemed by them conclusive, to show the care and providence of the gods or of God, and you will see the foolish boldness of one who meets thus both the common sense, and the genius of all peoples and all times, simply by the flat denial. There is no God!

But our man of straw, who for aught I know does not exist in this nineteenth century, may say, Neither the telescope reaching among the farthest stars, nor the microscope searching almost into the pores, between the atoms of matter, have as yet found any traces of Him. And we may answer, were this so, it would not prove that He is not there, - the telescope can see no gravitation in the stars, the microscope no force of cohesion in the atoms, - yet we know by every muscular movement of our frame the existence of both these powers. We cannot, however, assent to this statement of the failure of the telescope and the microscope to reveal God. He is manifested in all the works of creation; and whether we look at the world or the atoms, we find intelligible order and arrangement of parts, which is the only manifestation of intellect which we are capable of apprehending. We see our fellow-men only by seeing their intelligible action; the intelligible order and arrangement of things under their hands, or of visible and audible signs of their thought. We see God in precisely the same way; and the telescope and microscope, by revealing to us much more of the intelligible and rational order of the universe, have shown us more of its Divine Architect.

But, pursues our imaginary objecter, physical science has shown that the simple force of attraction is sufficient to account for all the phenomena of the universe. thought and feeling are but motions of the brain, induced by chemical and electric changes, and the chemical and electric forces are but modes of vibration, and come out of the solar ray, and the solar ray springs from the heat and light of the sun, and that springs from the condensation of his mass under the force of attraction. Matter in motion, under the force of gravity, - that is the sum total of the universe; and physical science having thus accounted for all phenomena, the hypothesis of a God, is unnecessary; it is superfluous and untenable. And we might answer, Were it shown that gravity is the only force in the universe, no approach would thereby be made toward the explanation of those phenomena which reveal to us the being of God. It would still be necessary to show why matter vibrated with definite differences of velocity, and why these atoms of different velocity in vibration combined in definite proportions; and why the proportions of these compounds to the whole mass of the

earth were so well adapted to vegetable and animal life. The still more difficult problem would remain to show how organized forms maintained and propagated their types. Grant that gravity is the only force, and that the old "imponderable agents" are only modes of motion, or assume these "imponderable agents" as peculiar forces: in either case, it is impossible to conceive force acting under a general law, building an organic form. To account for the building of crystals we are compelled to assume peculiar forms in the molecules (if not in the atoms composing them), in addition to the general laws of motion and force. But no such hypothesis is sufficient to account for the forms of organic life. Out of the same soil, under the same climate, at the same moment, spring different plants, each building up a different structure, and each agreeing in this marvel, that the structure is of such composition that, if the organic life be destroyed, it will, under the very same climatic influences, be resolved into its original elements. There is something here more than forces and the general laws of force. - a something that guides these forces under these general laws to produce a special result after an ideal pattern. Consider a moment the process of generation. A gardener produces a hybrid, and that hybrid shows in the modification both of its form and coloring a distinct influence from the staminate plant. Yet the only material which can have passed from the staminate plant into the composition of the hybrid is a part of the contents of a pollen-grain, passing directly through the walls of the grain and through the walls of the ovule, - that is, an infinitesimal portion of fluid, filtered through a double filter, each of the two filters being of infinite fineness. Is it conceivable that this microscopic drop of doubly-filtered fluid should modify the whole form and coloring of a thousand hybrid descendants, through the ordinary general laws of motion? Never was the thought of man more surely manifested in the things which he has made, than the thought of the Creator is manifested in the patterns of organic life.

But our objecter may say, You are attributing finite ideas

to an infinite mind; your finite intelligence is capable only of comprehending finite ideas; but the thoughts of the Deity, if you can speak in such terms, must be infinite, embracing eternity and infinity in every conception; and such thoughts are entirely beyond human reach. We answer that such thoughts are not altogether beyond human reach; for human thoughts have also an element of infinity in them, as the very objection itself shows. The geometer is familiar with both graphic and analytic ideas that are perfectly clear as far as the intellect can follow them, and which vet contain implicitly the infinite, and are therefore incapable of being fully grasped by us, as by the Deity. Take, for example, the simplest conceptions of a straight line and of a crcle. The straight line is a line that lies in all parts in the same direction. The definition of it assigns to it no length, and the geometer postulates that it may be considered as long as he pleases. Try to limit its length as a simple geometrical line, and you cannot: the imagination pursues the line till fatigued, and retires. seeing that, however far it goes, the line would still extend as far in one direction as in the opposite. The circle is a line. bending equally in every part, returning therefore into itself. and running round an absolutely infinite number of times in the same path. — the whole infinite length of the endless straight line being here wrapped upon a length of any finite size you choose; as of 6.2832 cm. in our nickel half dime. The curve bends equally in every part, yet the bending at each point must be nothing; for, if at any point the bending were anything, there would be an angle at that point, and you would have a polygon, not a curve. Thus the simplest geometric conceptions involve the infinite and the infinitesimal, absolutely transcending all the human powers of conception, yet forced upon our consideration by the necessity of reason itself. We have in these geometric truths an illustration of the possibility of apprehending a thought and comprehending a part of its contents, when at the same time we are totally unable to comprehend either the total contents or the ultimate elements. Similar illustrations might be drawn, not only from every part of mathematics, but every part of phys-

ics; and they clearly show us that we may without any irreverence suppose that we can apprehend a thought of God, and even comprehend part of its contents, although that thought be infinite in its extent, and infinitely comprehensive of infinitesimal minutiæ. The human mind is constructed of a certain focal power; and as Lovering, in the "Cambridge Miscellany," has said of the eye, that there may be worlds in which our worlds are the atoms, and that our atoms may also be worlds, but that both these ranges of worlds are without the reach of an optical instrument; so there may be thoughts of the Deity lying wholly out of the reach of our reason and our imagination, - out of the limits of our focal adjustment. But there are other thoughts coming partly within our range, purposely adapted to our mental vision, as the cosmos is to our eyes, and those thoughts constitute the objects of our science, our philosophy, and our religion. The physical scientist does not seek mere facts, nor the mere grouping of them into the briefest formulæ; he seeks ever to discover the rational, intelligible order in which they lie in the cosmos, and so far as he succeeds in discovering and recording that order, he is understanding a part of the thoughts of the Deity.

The argument from design has been well abused, — abused by those who have used it without clear knowledge and with weak judgment; and abused also by those who consider it degrading both to science and to religion. One objection of the latter class has been that contrivance implies a feeling of difficulty and an effort to surmount it, which cannot be predicated of the Infinite Creator. But this is merely an objection to the use of a word; it does not lie against the argument itself. The beautiful human form is a demonstration that the Creator of man sees beauty as man sees it; and the adaptation of the parts of the body to their uses demonstrates that He adapts means to ends, as man adapts them, only with infinitely higher wisdom and infinitely clearer sight of beauty.

Let us not, however, concede to our man of straw that the axioms of mathematical and physical science, and the observation of external phenomena, are the only, or even the most important data upon which man is to build his knowledge. There are many things of the utmost importance, and of the utmost certainty, which are given neither by the senses nor by mathematical intuitions. Whence, for example, comes the confidence of the scientific student that under every phenomenon there lies a law?—his undoubting faith that a patient investigation of facts must show the facts to be bound together in some intelligible order, capable of statement in a scientific formula? It cannot come from the senses, and it is no mathematical intuition. It is an undertone of religious faith, implanted by the Creator in the soul, which no want of culture in the earliest ages prevented from manifesting itself in crude attempts to form hypotheses, and which no exclusive cultivation of mere observation, and neglect of religious philosophy, can smother in our own day.

Whence comes our confidence in the existence of fellowbeings with substantially the same thoughts and emotions as ourselves? I cannot see other men's thoughts, I cannot see their feelings, yet I know that they exist. I may explain this knowledge by saying that the hypothesis of their existence explains a myriad of phenomena, which no hypothesis explains so well, and therefore this hypothesis is by far the most probable. But I do not hold the existence of other men as a probability, but as a certainty. I know the existence of fellow-beings, with very much the same absolute certainty with which I know my own existence. What is it speaks with this certainty, and gives me this assurance? It is the intellectual beating of the heart; it is the voice of social instincts, of love, and kindness, and gratitude, and admiration, and indignation, — the voice of feelings, dumb in themselves, but forcing the intellect to speak for them and put their voice into words. All these moral and social instincts imply fellow-beings, just as hunger implies food, and form as certain a ground for believing in the existence of men's thoughts and feeling, substantially like ours, just as touch and sight form for believing in the existence of men's bodies substantially like ours. No materialist or atheist ever got rid of his belief in the existence of his fellow-men, in their possession of thoughts and feelings like his own; and no idealist, reducing the universe to the projection of his own thoughts, ever went, in his egotism, so far as to make his fellow-men such projections,—at least if he did he was inconsistent with himself for ever saying it,—the utterance would be, in that case, a mere apostrophe.

Now our belief in God rests upon precisely the same sort of basis as that which gives us our ineradicable faith in the existence of our fellow-men. Just as instinctively and necessarily as we recognize men's thoughts in their actions, we recognize God's thought in His action; only as His thought is infinitely more profound, we cannot recognize it so fully and completely.

Just as instinctively and necessarily as we crave sympathy and love from our fellow-men, and find in that longing the pledge of their existence, just so necessarily do we crave protection, aid, mercy, love, from higher beings, — the savage from his gods, and the Christian from his God. The holiest and deepest love known on earth is not perfectly satisfactory unless it be based on a distinct recognition of the Infinite Love which implanted it. These pious longings, these emotions of gratitude and praise and adoration, bear exactly the same testimony to the being of God that human love bears to the being of our fellow-men.

And what shall we say of conscience and the moral sentiments? Every man feels that the question of Right and Wrong, of Holy and Sinful, is entirely distinct from the question of the useful and injurious. We may do in secrecy, when we have no fear of the possibility of detection, and when we cannot see any possible ill-effect of our action upon ourselves or others, that for which we condemn and despise ourselves, and which we would gladly suffer torments if we could undo, — that which makes us feel guilty, — guilty in the sight of God; and this recognition by conscience of the right as distinct from the expedient, the becoming, and the useful, is an appeal to the Invisible and All-seeing Witness, — a testimony to His existence as real and valid as that of the sentiments of justice, admiration, or indignation, to the existence of my fellow-men.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

The love of Jesus — how can we utter what is in our heart when we think of the love of Jesus? Tender, unspeakable, unfailing love was the history, the explanation of his whole life. It was love that made him an obedient child; it was love that gathered a little band of friends around him on whom he might lean in times of sorrow; it was love that carried him from place to place to proclaim the glad tidings of eternal life to all men; it was his love that healed the sick; it was his love that rebuked, that pardoned, and that restored the guilty; it was his love that wept at the sorrows of man, that comforted the mourner, that raised the dead; it was the love in the heart of Jesus that carried him to the cross, and that prayed there for his murderers.

Children, most especially, should think of the love of Jesus; the whole family of children throughout the world who know of him. should feel as if his arms of love were ever around them, as if his gentle hand still laid softly on their heads; and his voice of love called them to him even now.

It is difficult out of a whole life of love to select particular instances of this divine excellence. The miracles which Jesus wrought, were not merely wonderful acts, such as no other man had been known to perform: they were also manifestations of this tender love of which we have been speaking.

In the seventh chapter of Luke, you will find the account of his awakening from death the son of the widow of Nain. How beautiful those words, "When the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not." And when his words of love and power had recalled the spirit of the young man, Jesus did not leave him till he had himself delivered him to his mother. So when he healed the leper, it was said, "Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand and touched him, and bade him be clean." When you think that the leprosy was a terribly loathsome disease, and

so contagious that the poor sufferers who were afflicted with it were forced to live in an utter solitude, and that no human love was strong enough to endure the trial of watching by them in their slow but frightful death, that the laws even forbade any one to minister to these unhappy beings, what infinite love and tenderness did it not show in Jesus to put his hand upon the poor leper, at the same time that he said, "Be thou clean." How must he have felt, who for so long had been cut off from human help, who for so long had not felt the warm touch of a human hand, how must his poor heart have melted with love and gratitude when the blessed hand of Jesus was laid upon him and he felt its healing power!

So at the grave of Lazarus, although he felt within himself the power to restore the brother to his sorrowing sisters, yet, when he saw them weeping, it is said Jesus also wept, and the Jews said, "Behold how he loved him." These are the only tears recorded of Jesus, except those he shed over Jerusalem, which he knew contained his murderers; but the thought of the misery that was in store for the devoted city filled his compassionate heart with sorrow. Jesus is sometimes called the man of sorrows, but his sorrow seldom or never seems to be caused by his own suffering; it was sorrow for the sins, sorrow for the sufferings of his fellow beings. How infinite was the tenderness of Jesus towards the weak and the guilty! When the young man, whom he told if he would have eternal life he must sell all that he had and give to the poor, turned away from him, for he "had great possessions," although Jesus condemned him for his fault, yet it is said "he loved him." Some of his dearest friends, some of those who stood by him when others deserted him, had been sinners, sinners whom the divine love of Jesus had restored to moral health. Mary Magdalene followed him to the cross. while but few of the twelve dared to stand by him there.

Who can read the last chapters of the Gospel of St. John and not have their hearts melted with the thought of the infinite love of Jesus.

Imagine the heavenly Jesus as there described, with his

twelve disciples around him, assembled as he knew they were, to sup together for the last time in this world. Think what they had suffered, what they had witnessed and what they had enjoyed together! This little band of friends had followed the divine teacher through all his perils, they had seen his wonderful acts; they had listened to his wonderful words. They all knew that rulers and priests were enraged with him, that the people were in a ferment about him, and his doctrines: they knew that they sought the life of Him whom they so honored and loved; they had seen him escape the evil designs of his enemies before, and they, perhaps, thought he would now - but they had many, and terrible, and undefined fears. The doors are closed, and they prepare for supper; without and around them is tumult; within that holy room there is solemn peace in every heart, save that of one unhappy man, who meditates his evil purpose, who looks upon his friend, his divine teacher, the perfect Jesus, calculating the price of his innocent blood. Jesus knows what is in his heart, that all his words and deeds of love have failed to conquer the demon of avarice in the heart of Judas. He knows that a cruel death is at hand. Does he think, does he speak of himself? It is said that "when he knew that his hour was come, that he should depart out of this world, unto the Father, having loved his own, which were in the world, he loved them unto the end."

See these dear companions of Jesus at the supper with him, the beautiful head of John, the disciple, who was most dear to him, resting on his bosom. See them receiving the bread and the wine from the hands of their beloved friend and teacher. He asks them henceforward, when they drink the cup and eat the bread, to do so in remembrance of him. No one, perhaps, except the wretched Judas, fully understands his words.

"But Jesus loved them to the end." See him after supper washing the feet of his friends, thus expressing his own love, thus showing them the nature of true love, that it does not seek to be ministered to, but to minister, that it considers no service degrading, that it hallows and ennobles the meanest

occupation. It is said that after Iesus had washed the disciples' feet, he told them that one of them would betray him, and that he was "troubled in spirit;" but this cloud soon passed away and he forgets himself in his desire to comfort his disciples. He says to them, - "Let not your hearts be troubled, I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." He is aware of the weakness of Peter, and tells him that he will deny him, but the love of Jesus is greater than the weaknesses or sins of his There are no words so full of love and tenderness as his parting words to his little band of followers and friends at this dark hour, when he knew that this was their last social meeting, and that he was soon to suffer a cruel death. The thought of himself seems to be lost in the thought of the sufferings of his friends, and his desire to infuse into their minds some of that heroic faith and courage, and that divine love which had inspired his own life. He calls it a new commandment that he gives them, that they should love one another; it seems as if the love in his heart could no longer be restrained, but poured itself forth without measure, as we have seen the sun at the end of a stormy day, when it had been struggling to pierce through the thick clouds in its path, suddenly burst forth, as it was setting, and seem to burn up the surrounding vapors, and in a moment bathe the whole visible world in liquid gold; so did the love of Jesus at this solemn hour break through all the heavy mists and gathering shades around him, and glorify the last moments of his mortal life.

Now let us follow Jesus to the garden of Gethsemane. It is said that "He took with him Peter and James and John, and began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy; and saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death; tarry ye hear and watch." He went apart to pray. He wanted to be secure from interruption while he poured out his full heart to the Father of spirits. Was ever prayer like that which Jesus uttered at that moment? In it we may find the strongest expressions of human agony, and also of heavenly trust

and entire and loving submission to the will of God. When he found that these three chosen friends could not watch with him through his hour of agony, how full of tender love is the gentle reproach of Jesus! Again he forgets his own sufferings; in his anxiety for their perfection, he says to them,—"Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." And now he sees his enemies approach to seize him, led on by one of his disciples.

We turn away with horror and pity from the wretched Judas, who could betray this loving being with a kiss; we would wish to blot it out from the history of man, — and we pass over this terrible scene and follow Jesus to the judgment hall. He is no longer "troubled in spirit." Peace, unutterable peace is in his heart. Neither the scourge, nor the taunting words, nor the vulgar insults of the populace, nor the cruel mockery of the crown of thorns, and the purple robe, nor the fiendish cry, "Crucify him, crucify him!" disturbed the divine serenity of his soul; his love was greater than their sins.

But harder to endure than all these injuries, were the words of Peter, when he heard him say to those who accused him of being his disciple, "I know him not;" and when he heard him thrice deny his friend and teacher, then "Jesus turned and looked upon Peter." What unspeakable tenderness, what heavenly pity! "What a tearful mildness." What rebuking but all-forgiving love that look must have expressed! No wonder "Peter went out and wept."

Thus loving and blessing not only his friends, but his destroyers, Jesus suffered upon the cross. His last prayer was for the pardon of his murderers. Forgetful of his own agonies, he remembered the lonely, undying sorrow of his mother, and of his dearest earthly friend; and when he "saw his mother and the disciples standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son. Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother; and from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

Shall this life and death, so full of infinite love, be in vain for us? Shall we not try to gather inspiration from it; to comprehend its meaning, and to acquire something of the love of Jesus, and show it in our actions? Shall we not make the words of the disciple whom Jesus loved the motto of our life?

"Beloved let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

"He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love."

E. L. F.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY, - WHAT IS IT?

It is consistent Protestantism. It is the fundamental principle of the Reformation faithfully applied. That principle is the supreme authority of the sacred Scriptures in matters of religious faith and moral practice in distinction from the authority of popes, bishops, synods and councils of every kind. In other phrase, it is the authority of the Bible, and not human interpretations of the Bible, as the final arbiter in all dispute and controversy. This platform, we take it, is broad, distinct and plain. It admits of a very wide range of opinion and speculation within the bosom of the same communion of believers, but it compels mutual toleration of those opinions so long as the Bible is acknowledged as an authority which is supreme and final. It implies and presupposes so much faith in the efficacy of the Divine Word, freely studied and freely interpreted by each individual for himself, as leads to the expectation that in the end it will produce the most complete unity of feeling and sentiment. For, taken out of the hands of theologians, and brought into free contact with individual minds, those minds will be most thoroughly wrought upon by its sovereign energy and most completely pliant beneath it. It asserts the principle that priests and synods have no business to come between the Bible and the private Christian and tell him to what conclusion he must come on pain of excision from the Church of Christ. It puts the

Bible into the hands of every individual, and says to him. On your responsibility to your God study it devoutly, and faithfully, and with the best aid that you can command. This, we say, is Liberal Christianity; and with some knowledge of its rise and progress in New England we challenge any one to show that this is not its historical meaning and end, and that this, from the beginning, has not been the distinctive ground on which Liberal Christians have stood as a denomination. What we deny and repudiate is not all creeds whatever, but all human creeds, that the ONE DIVINE CREED may be sole and supreme in the churches. This was the distinctive ground of the fathers of Unitarianism, and a nobler position no denomination ever assumed. On the one hand, it secures the largest Christian fellowship, the most comprehending charity, and a basis for unlimited progress; and on the other hand, the conservation of all that is true and valuable in past discoveries.

But who does not see that this position implied from the beginning, and implies now, that we have a Bible to be interpreted, and that to deny its peculiar and divine authority is to deny the peculiar ground on which the denomination stands. Because our pulpits are not given up to those who attack the Divine Records (or what we regard as such), and the supreme authority of Christ, we are charged with being false to our principles of Christian liberality. We utterly deny this. We more than deny it; for we aver that if this were done, our whole history must be read backward, our peculiar principles falsified, and our distinctive denominational ground abandoned. We do not deny any man's right to believe and preach just what he believes; and if he does not believe the Bible as an infallible rule of faith, or Christ as an infallible guide, we will defend his liberty of speech to the uttermost, and the liberty of all men to hear who desire it. If a church has come soberly to the conclusion that the Bible is a fable, or a series of fables, and Christ of no more authority than Plato, and chooses understandingly a teacher to set forth these ideas, it may do so. That is one thing; but that is getting entirely off the ground of Liberal Christianity, we

say, — which is the *Bible* as a Divine creed, that excludes all others, and an infallible rule of life. Knowing this to be the central principle around which our churches are organized, it is quite another thing for any to claim to come into them in

order to preach that principle down.

"But this is exclusive!" Of course it is. We never heard of a principle that did not exclude its opposite. We never heard of an organization which did not claim the right to exclude what would disorganize and destroy it. Unitarianism never claimed to comprehend everything, but only to comprehend everything that occupies Christian ground, or all that acknowledge the Scriptures as supreme authority. A body of men without any principle of organization as its basis of union and operation is not a church, any more than a collection of persons which any accident might bring together in the streets of a summer's day.

"But this principle is uncharitable." Not at all. It does not pass judgment upon men's characters. It simply defines, and that very distinctly, the principle of our organization and the basis of our denominational action. The Bible as a Divine creed, and every man's right to interpret it for himself, is quite a different thing from the denial and repudiation of the creed itself. The latter places one outside of an organization; but it was never claimed that all worth and goodness were within it. We have known a great many good men who denied all that was distinctive in Christianity. At the same time we believe that the moral tendency of this denial of the Scripture as a divine rule of faith, and Jesus Christ as the supreme authority, is most disastrous, - that it puts men afloat on a sea whose waters may bear them they know not where, - that it shuts them out from the bright and clear sunlight of Eternal Truth, and gives them instead dreary speculations and wildering fancies.

This is our belief, and of course we must abide by it. In accordance with this belief we rear churches, print Bibles, send forth missionaries and maintain a preached gospel. For this purpose we exist as a denomination, — to abolish all human creeds that are false and partial, and make the One

Divine Creed supreme, that its truths may open on the human mind with a power and effulgence never known before; to abolish the authority of popes and councils, that Christ alone may sit enthroned over human opinion, and mould it, as we doubt not in time he will, into the glorious image of his own truth. To do this work our existence, as a denomination, was an historical necessity. We hope we shall be faithful to our calling. We shall oppose steadily, on the one hand, the policy of those who exalt church formulas above the Bible as the ground of church communion, and make Calvin or Luther or Wesley or Athanasius usurp the place of Christ; and we shall oppose, we trust, just as steadily and firmly, on the other hand, those who would place in the seat of Christ, Plato or Tindal or Strauss or Hegel, or any quantity of drifting and convolving fog, - upholding our first principle, - the Bible the sole creed and Christ the sole Master and Head of his Church. No doubt those who cannot stand on this platform will part from us, some to the right hand and some to the left. We like it, and we want no better on which to stand and work, and we say to them with the kindest feelings, the world is large, and let every man seek the place and position where best he can act his convictions and do service to mankind.

The Cathedral. — Curiously carved faces looked out from the corbels; some merry and jubilant, others stormy as with passion, others drawn in sudden pain; some grotesque and mocking, many stony with despair and hate. Above them, ranged round the arch of the window, with full robes falling to their feet, hands clasped in perfect rest, and brows bound with victor wreaths, were the statues of saints and martyrs, grand and calm and silent. Was that grand old cathedral front an allegory of life; joy, tumult, strife, passion, pain, despair; after these the crowned rest, the folded hands, the gathered robes, the wreathed brow. And above them all, whitely outlined on the sky, catching upon it a glory brighter than all the rest, uprose the cross, symbol through which the victory is won.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY JAMES W. THOMPSON.

THE NEW POLICY.

OUR article in the last number of the Magazine, entitled "The New Policy," has awakened attention and been the subject of criticism. This result we have been glad to see. The importance to our churches of the question discussed cannot be overstated. We are particularly anxious that it should be understood and thoroughly canvassed by the Christian laity of the denomination prior to the meeting of the National Conference in October, and to this end, waiving all modesty, we would ask our subscribers to lend their August number freely to the Unitarian brethren in their several neighborhoods, and to use diligent personal endeavors to remove the veil which has been drawn over so many eyes. We have been much gratified with the following communication to the "Liberal Christian," especially with that part of it which so admirably supplements our own view. Similar expressions of concurrence with the leading idea and purpose of our article have been received in large numbers. and for these we would here return our hearty thanks.

"EDITOR 'LIBERAL CHRISTIAN:'—I desire to call the attention of your readers to the leading article in the August number of the 'Religious Magazine and Monthly Review,' bearing the above title, and written by Rev. Dr. Thompson, one of the editors. It seems to me that the thoughts which he has so admirably expressed here, and the facts which he has so clearly set forth, should be known and pondered by all who call themselves Unitarians. It is proved here, beyond all question, I should suppose, that the Unitarian Association has committed itself, up to a very recent period, to a distinctively Christian policy; that it has declared its faith in the essential integrity and authority of the Christian Scriptures, and in the supernatural character of the founder of Christianity; that it has clearly recognized its work as lying within,

and not without, the Christian Church. Any attempt, therefore, to reverse this procedure, any attempt to extend the Unitarian name, so as to include those who do not acknowledge Christianity to be the specially divine and pre-eminent religion of the world, is justly characterized as "new." And because it is new, it ought to show a raison d'etre to avoid condemnation. Accordingly, our excellent Secretary, whom no one speaks of personally but to admire, offers an elaborate vindication of this new course, in an essay which Dr. Thompson reviews, and the inconsistencies of which he fully exposes. The tone and temper, both of the essay and the review, are unexceptionable, unless it were to be named as an exception that the latter should stigmatize the former as a coup d'etat, Upon one point, it seems to me, something might still be added to the review, because the Secretary's difficulty is evidently shared by a large number of persons, and some of these persons may need additional argument to remove their doubts. The difficulty I refer to is that of 'drawing a line.' There are all shades of belief and disbelief among those who call themselves Unitarians. How can we draw a line which shall justly define and separate those who vary from each other by infinitesimal degrees? But however great the difficulty may be, it seems to me we do practically 'draw lines' whenever we use the names which distinguish different religious bodies. Would it not be absurd for me to speak of the Unitarian denomination unless I believed there was something distinctive in the body so called? Who are Unitarians? How is it possible to avoid that question? Yet to answer it is to define, - is to make the attempt, at least, to draw a line. - is to commit ourselves somehow to that dreaded thing, - a 'Statement of Faith,' or of principles. Again, the Unitarian Association asks the community to contribute to its funds, that it may have the more ability to diffuse the truth as Unitarians hold it. Can anything, then, be more natural and proper than that the community should ask, 'What is the truth which the Unitarians hold?' Can it not be at least approximately expressed? If not, are we not placed in the singular, not to say ridiculous position, of inviting aid and contributions - we cannot tell for what?

"But to draw a line is supposed to imply an invidious comparison of those whom the line shall separate. I deny that it implies any such thing. It is simply and purely an attempt to make the truth more definite. If a classification made in the interests of truth shall convict any one of error, it is not the classification, but the error which is to blame. Whatever shall help any one to know where he stands in the spiritual realm ought to be welcomed, though it should be far from flattering to his self-love. Is there anything distinctive in Christianity? Then all who value that distinction must be willing to express it, even though it should exclude many undeniably good men from holding the Christian name. Why should I prize the gospel less because there are good men among Mohammedans or Buddhists? All truth is designed to make men better; and even an imperfect form of truth, like some of the religions of the East, may have its use, to a certain extent, in the same direction. But all the more, for this reason, ought we to contend for the Christian faith, as pre-eminently 'the power of God unto salvation.' Whoever does not recognize it as such is by that very failure excluded from the Christian name; precisely as one has no right to be called a Mohammedan, however much he may admire the founder of that religion, unless he can say, with the full faith of the Moslem, 'There is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet.' And there is no more reason for complaining of one exclusion than of the other.

"And, once more, let me say in answer to those who deprecate any 'statement,' or drawing of lines, if we may not declare our faith, in terms which would exclude any of the self-styled 'Radicals,' why should we hesitate to include in our denomination any of the so-called Orthodox? What hinders, then, that an avowed Trinitarian should be recognized as a Unitarian also? Coleridge claimed to be both, and resented the application of the latter name exclusively to the small sect that appropriate it; and I once heard a President of the Unitarian Association declare that, in his view, the doctrine of the Trinity was the peculiar and cardinal doctrine of Christianity. But I cannot think that the great majority of

Unitarians are willing to admit that there is no important difference, and therefore no line which needs to be drawn, between themselves and the far more numerous bodies of their fellow Christians. For the credit of our consistency and common sense, I would fain hope that we mean something when we accept the name of Unitarian. We do not wish to have it confounded with anything extra-Christian, on the one hand, nor to have it identified with any corrupt form of Christianity on the other. To justify our separate name and existence, we ought to be what our fathers, who founded the Unitarian Association, were, reformers - reformers of Christian theology, too - uniting to restore the purity of the 'faith once delivered to the saints.' And how shall this be done, if we are not willing to say what we believe that faith to be, if we cannot agree together upon anything that shall be called the Unitarian view of 'the truth as it is in Jesus?'

"w. s."

RELIGION FOR THE HEART RATHER THAN THE HEAD.

FROM AN ADMIRABLE SERMON BY THE REV. ELI FAY, OF NEWTON.

Religion, addressed exclusively or directly to the intellect, will never influence powerfully a large portion of mankind; because it is neither the natural expression nor an inherent want of the intellect, but of the heart. Christianity is addressed to the sentiments, is particularly designed to stimulate, purify and ennoble the feelings. Love is its corner-stone and its capstone, and yet love is nothing but a sentiment. The intellect never loved, cannot love, does not even know what love is.

Jesus did not attempt to teach abstract or scientific principles to his disciples, but he labored rather to fill their hearts with his own sublime faith and joy.

Life is full of vicissitudes. Faith falters, love is chilled, hope is crushed, and great scalding tears burn all the way out from the heart's core. And we have a religious nature to be developed and cultivated by reverence and devotion, as the intellect is by study. What is to be done? Would a strong and distinct faith in regard to what lies beyond this

life help us? Actual knowledge is impossible, and speculation of little account. But Christ professes to give the needed revelation. He says to us, substantially, You do not see God, but he sees you; you sometimes feel that you are alone, but he is with you always. You mourn over your blasted hopes; but as you, from the purest love, sometimes disappoint your children, so he sometimes disappoints you. You have a sense of demerit; he declares his forgiving mercy. You fear to trust; but he is your Father. You have a painful uncertainty in regard to the future; but in his house are "many mansions."

Are not these the distinguishing assurances of Christianity; and are they not addressed particularly to the feelings,—designed especially to soothe and inspire? A scientific study of Christianity, of which we are just now hearing so much, is about as rational and practicable as a sentimental study of astronomy. From an accurate knowledge of every fact connected with its origin and external history, a person would have no better idea of the specific work it was intended to perform, in and for the soul, than he could derive of the view from the top of Mt. Washington of the effect of a grand oratorio upon a sensitive, music-loving soul, or of the thrilling emotions of a mother's heart, by the finest description it would be possible to give.

And yet I am asking no favors for Christianity. I am not asking the critic to deal tenderly with it. I am simply saying that, beyond a given point, any interference with it by the intellect is an intrusion. As the intellect has its function which the sentiments cannot perform, so the sentiments have theirs which the intellect cannot perform; and as logic, law, commerce, science, can be comprehended only by the intellect, so beauty, music, love, religion, can be fully appreciated only by the feelings. Therefore the attempt to make religion a matter of pure intellection, to divorce it from the sentiments, is like an attempt to comprehend beauty and affection as cold abstractions.

Still, modern scientific encroachments upon the domain of the unknown, the recent solution of former appalling mysteries, and the spirit of the age, are calculated to encourage the arrogance of the intellect. With ill-concealed contempt for faith and sentiment, demonstration and fact are now demanded, as though the former were evidence of weakness and effeminacy, the latter of manly vigor and independence; as though faith and sentiment were not quite as necessary as fact and philosophy, even to our every-day plodding life. Business could not be carried on a day without them. A man's faith in his fellows is the only track on which the freighted car of commerce and trade can run.

Again, repress the sentiments, and deal with conceded facts only in a philosophical and matter-of-fact manner, and the brightest and most joyous side of life would become cold, tame, barren, angular and wholly unsatisfactory. Indeed, life here would be fitly represented by life on the opposite side of the moon, where the light of the sun never falls. From the sentiments alone the most practical people derive their keenest zest.

Humboldt was one of the most learned men of the world. He was a living encyclopedia; but a cold and passionless recluse, an inveterate abstractionist, an intellectual autocrat. He died, but who cared? A few kindred spirits paid a just tribute to him as a pioneer in scientific research, but the great popular heart was unmoved. Even those most interested in him appropriated the results of his labor with as little gratitude as they would have felt toward a machine that had served their purpose.

But another and a very different man dies,—a man whose magnetic words delighted millions had read through their fast-falling tears,—a man who had excited intense disgust for all meanness in stations, however high, and kindled enduring admiration for all goodness in stations, however low,—a man who had brought many many hearts into sympathetic relations to each other that were all estranged before,—a high-priest at the altar of the loftiest sentiment,—the modern Moses, commissioned to lead the people out of bondage to mere utility and abstraction, into the sun-lit table-land where

flow the milk and honey of true human feeling, and lo! the leading nations of the earth put on the badge of real mourning, and drop tears upon his grave as upon that of a dear personal friend! And when the unbridled tongue of sectarian arrogance spits its venom in solitary places, even the most rigorous religious faith, with commendable inconsistency, replies, "Peace, gratitude and peace, to the memory of Charles Dickens!"

And, yet important as the part in human history is which the sentiments have played, fathomless sources of happiness as they are, and barren and unnatural as life would be without them, still, disregarding the lessons of history and the suggestions of current events, the attempt to Christianize men to meet the necessities of a deeply emotional nature with mere abstractions, is repeated again and again. But it must continue to fail as it has always done. The heart cannot feed on metaphysics. Its deepest love, its unutterable longings, its holiest aspirations, must be satisfied. There are periods in most lives when the word of Christ is the dearest and sweetest that ever fell on the ear.

Frequently bewildered, sometimes apparently the sport of circumstances that seem to mock my earnest quest for brighter light and a higher life, fearing occasionally that I myself am a child of chance, a temporary dweller in a world of chance, perplexed often by problems that I cannot solve, awed by the infinite I but dimly comprehend, and steadily marching, day by day, into the face of an event I sorely and hourly dread, and beyond which I absolutely know nothing and can know nothing here, a friendly voice, speaking from that deep unknown, and so speaking as to win my confidence and quiet my fears, bidding me trust where I cannot clearly see, to believe what cannot now be actually demonstrated to my dull sense, assuring me of the Infinite Father's love and of eternal life beyond this shadowy scene, and so, pushing aside for the present the problems that have bewildered and distressed me, - would it not give joy, joy unspeakable and full of glory? No shipwrecked mariner, spending his wasting strength in battling merciless waves, hears a friendly voice from the foghidden shore with profounder gratitude and satisfaction than that which the tender, timely, pertinent word of Christ has kindled in millions of doubting, struggling, bewildered, and half-disheartened souls.

"Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God! to thee I come."

"PRINCIPLES OR OPINIONS."

BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

The "Christian Register" publishes an article, in its issue of Aug. 13, under the above title. But the writer seems to forget that there is something else far more precious to *Christians* than either "opinions" or the only thing which he admits within the definition of the word "principles,"—something which these "principles" tend to subvert,—even heart-faith, trust, love, self-consecration to him whom the Father sent to be the Saviour of the world. In view of the danger of this subversion, an obscure individual advances to unaccustomed light with the hope of awakening innocent sleepers to self-defense, before the insidious narcotic pervading the atmosphere benumbs their senses, and they are led away willing captives through the breaches made in the wall of the sheep-fold.

Ho! all ye who know and love your Shepherd's voice, rally round him now, and listen: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one." Now turn, for a moment, and hear the siren voice calling from beyond the fold: "Come, ye fools and blind, staying there within those prson-walls! come abroad, over the hills and far away, into the broad expanse of Liberty. The fields are broader, the

grass is greener and sweeter, the sky is fairer, the streams are more refreshing, than any you have known yet. And, more than all, you will be free, which is a boon above price."

Which voice shall we obey? for this, and no other, is the question of the hour. Heart-faith in Jesus Christ, love and self-consecration to him, and devoted following of him in life,—these are the vital principles of Christianity. Shall these be our principles? Or shall we adopt such a principle of liberty as necessarily ignores the restrictions of Christianity? We find in the "Christian Register" the assertion by an anonymous writer, who speaks with a voice of authority, that the fundamental principle of Unitarianism, its vital, all-important principle, is liberty.

If this assertion is true, is not the tendency of the principle dangerous and suicidal to our denomination, inasmuch as it throws off, among all other restrictions, those of the yoke of Christ, and encourages skepticism and unbelief?

If unbounded liberty has always been, and is, "the denominational principle," does that fact justify us in continuing to cherish it after we find it to be an evil? Would not this be sectarian bigotry and idolatry of the plaintest type? And, finally, is it true that the principle of liberty is the only, or the all-important, principle of Unitarianism?

STATEMENT OF FAITH QUESTION.

BY OUR WOMAN CORRESPONDENT.

The real ground for the supposed impossibility of making a common statement of faith is, that the simplest Christian statement that could be made would not meet the assent of a certain portion of our body. Why not? Why, just because they are not disciples of Christ. And so non-disciples of Christ form a part of the Unitarian body by the common consent of that body. This fact is acknowledged by Dr. Bellows; and moreover, in speaking of the Free Religionists (many of whom openly reject Jesus as the Christ), he says, "I am glad to have them in the Unitarian body. I believe a large part of the spiritual life of the denomination lies in the

very men whose theological opinions many of us most utterly reject." And if we wish for still stronger confirmation of the fact, Article IX, in the Constitution of the National Conference, speaks for itself. The *fact*, therefore, is patent and needs no further demonstration.

We then come to the question, Does not this relative position of Christian Unitarians to non-Christian Unitarians necessarily involve a compromise of Christian principle on the part of the former? I would like to consider, I, the affirmative answer, 2, the intermediate one, and 3, the negative one.

I. The affirmative answer is, "Yes; and it ought not to be so." Christian Unitarians say virtually to non-Christians, "We are believers in Christ, but if you are not, it is no matter; we can work together just as well, if you choose to work with us." This position betrays two serious errors. First, the idea that Christianity was not intended for, and is not vitally necessary to, humanity, but only for such individuals as choose to embrace it. He that chooses to climb up into the sheep-fold some other way than by the Door is not a "thief and a robber," but can get in just as well if he only conscientiously believes that he can. I will not attempt to refute an error so clearly opposed to the plain teachings of the New Testament. If this error is not entertained, then another fact is revealed, scarcely less sad. Certain Christians, though believing that Christianity is just as necessary to their neighbors as to themselves, yet will not recommend it to them, nor even show them how much they value it themselves. What is the inference? Why, that Christianity is not to these Christians the precious thing that it ought to be; it is not the "one thing needful" for themselves and their neighbors. If their souls were all aglow with it they would not so hesitate to recommend it. If they saw any of their brethren going astray from it they would feel it all the more a duty and a pleasure to hold it forth and declare their own unshaken faith in it and adherence to it, if perchance their brethren might be lured back to it. I am pained to corner some of my best friends with such searching accusations; but, if they ever know of it, they must remember the good old proverb, "Better are the wounds of a friend, &c." The second serious error, referred to above, is the supposition that Christians and non-Christians can work together harmoniously. How can they work together "except they be agreed?" Yes, perhaps they can, if neither party is much in earnest, nor in a hurry to accomplish its end; for as one works for the building up of the Church of Christ, and the other for pulling it down, they will both be sure to have something to do as long as they choose to work together. But are earnest Christians going to be satisfied with such work? Time will prove.

II. With regard to the intermediate answer to my main question. It is this: "Yes; but it must be so,—it can't be helped." But why not? "Because Unitarianism is Liberty; and therefore the Unitarian body has no right to assume any positive doctrinal position whatever."

This allegation, in itself, admits of serious question; but letting that pass, I will assume, for the time, that it is true.

The fundamental principle of Unitarianism, then, is Liberty; and therefore, conclusively, this principle must not be violated upon any account whatever.

Christianity then must, of course, be subordinate; its claims must not be listened to if they conflict with those of Liberty. Unitarianism is made the god, Liberty the goddess, and Christianity the obsequious handmaid. *Must* this be so? Can't it really be helped?

III. And now I come to the negative answer, — a decided "No." Well, why "no"? "Because we believe that Christianity is not necessarily connected with Jesus Christ personally; it is the truth and life which he brought, and may be received without him; and these people whom you call non-Christians, we call Christians, because they seem to have the spirit of Christ, and are honest seekers after truth, and hold some of the truths of Christianity."

This reminds me of the parable of the "laborers in the vineyard" to whom were sent three servants, at different times, who were successively beaten and cast out, and to

whom afterwards was sent the Son, whom they cast out and killed. Why? "That the inheritance may be ours," they They coveted their Lord's inheritance, but dishonored their Lord by rejecting his messengers. So it seems to me these would-be-called Christians, who reject the authority of Christ, are willing enough to pick and choose and appropriate to themselves some of the gifts he has brought, but they will have nothing to do with him, for fear they may not get all the good things that they otherwise might. They are eclectics, selecting what suits them from Christianity, and then looking around to see what more they can find elsewhere. But is this sort of religion Christianity? Does it not seem like ingratitude? And is it not a dishonor to the Father as well as the Son? "He that honereth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent him." Jesus comes into the world with gifts from his Father to men. He labors. suffers, and extends his arms to men, saying, "Come unto me, love me, and receive my gifts." Certain men approach just near enough to snatch the gifts, fling a stone at him, and retreat, yet not so far but that they continue to throw stones, at the same time that they hug closely to their bosoms the gifts; and because they are in possession of the gifts, they claim and receive the name of Christians! I appeal most earnestly to "all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," - is it not time to have done with this cringing, fawning liberality, and take the part of the injured and dishonored Master, not by throwing stones for him, - he needs no such defense as that, - but by standing by him personal'y, as well as by his truths; by vindicating his words, "I am the truth"?

Christianity is embodied in the person of Christ. The beloved disciple recognized this truth when he said, "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." And, moreover, this same loving disciple was far more incredulous, exclusive, severe, or watever it may be called, than Unitarians of the present age, for he said, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God," and then proceeded to offer his test-creed (I. John. iv. 1, 2, 3). Let us look at the case of Cornelius in

Acts x. "A devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always." Surely he would be considered by some modern Unitarians a very saint. What could be wanting to complete his character? Yet something was wanting. Peter was sent to him to reveal Christ to him, and with the knowledge of Christ came the gift of the Holy Ghost, and he was baptized, and beccame, what he he was not before (simply through ignorance), a Christian. There are thousands of good people now, like Cornelius, who would easily become Christians with a little help and encouragement from some good Peter; and we are recreant to our duty when we withhold the gift that is in our power, and put a stumbling-block in their way by telling them they are already Christians, and good enough without the feeling of a conscious personal relation to Christ. And as to the more incorrigible Sadducees, we neither do them, ourselves, nor any one else any good by dovetailing our Christian principles into their skeptical ideas, and assuming a common name with them, in order "to secure the largest unity of the spirit, and the widest practical co-operation," or in servile homage to the despotic requirements of the goddess of Liberty.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

We are glad to hear of the interesting Commencement exercises held at this College, June 29. The graduating class of seven was composed of four young men and three young women, who read essays on various subjects, mostly philosophical, and of such equal merit that Mr. Mayo said in his address that "the Trustees need no longer apologize for the education together of the sexes; if any further argument on that point is necessary, he would put the objector in a seat in this hall, and let him hear such exercises as those of today. The lady students, who have stood before us, have been in no whit inferior to the men, and their efforts are a final and decisive argument in favor of educating both sexes in the same school."

We congratulate Antioch College on being out of debt, and

in possession of a permament fund of \$102,000; and still more do we congratulate those good friends of the College, who, in its dark days, believed in its future success, and labored to bring it about. The College now numbers 253 students in all departments. They come from twenty-one states and from Canada. May it abound in prosperity and good works, and be long blessed by the paternal care and inspiring influence of its President, Dr. Hosmer.

HYMN OF ST. PAUL'S "CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE SOCIETY."

Our thanks are due to the "Catholic World" for the following stanzas, beautiful alike in thought and expression.

Not ours to ask thee, "What is truth,"
For here it shines, the light of light;
And all may see it, age or youth,
Who will but leave the outer night.
"Tis ours to tread, not seek, the way
That "brightens to the perfect day."

But this we ask thee, dearest Lord,
Let faith, so precious, feed and grow;
And make our lives the more accord
With fear and love, the more we know.
For thus, too, shall we point the way
That "brightens to the perfect day."

Nor have we learnt it save to teach;
It is for others we are wise.
The humblest has a charge to preach
Thy kingdom in a nation's eyes,—
A nation groping for the way
That "brightens to the perfect day."

O thou, our patron, great St. Paul!

Apostle of the West, to thee

We boldly come and fondly call,

As children at a father's knee;

Come thou, and with us lead the way

That "brightens to the perfect day."

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

LETTER FPOM REV. CHARLES LOWE, SEC'Y A. U. A.

ME SRS. EDITORS: — You have kindly offered me the use of your pages for anything I might wish to say upon the subject which you have recently been discussing. I shall soon prepare a reply to the various criticisms which have appeared here and elsewhere upon the Policy of the Unitarian Association, and upon my own course in connection with it, and perhaps may avail myself of your permission to print it in your magazine.

At present, however, without attempting any such reply, I should be glad to say one thing. I have songht, during all this discussion, for points of agreement rather than of difference. And the article by Rev. E. H. Sears, in your July number, appears to me to indicate that, with a fuller understanding of each other, we may possibly all be found substantially in accord.

In this article, Mr. Sears quotes the following passage from my address at the annual meeting of the Association: "If to-day, or at any time, a resolution were offered, simply declaring our discipleship to Jesus Christ, and our acceptance for our guide of his teachings as revealed to us in the Gospels, I should most heartily vote for it. Mark the distinction between this and the creed to which I object. This does not define the test of discipleship, as regards the particulars of one's belief, but leaves every one free to his own interpretation. No one would be excluded who should profess and call himself Christian. It would only be presumed, as it is fair to presume, that no one would thus profess who did not, in some real sense, so look to Christ as to make it fitting to adopt the name."

Mr. Sears continues: "What Brother Lowe says he would vote for so heartily is all that anybody ever wanted or asked for, so far as we know, for we apprehend Brother Hepworth himself would have been satisfied with it."

The other articles, which have appeared in opposition to the address referred to, have either wholly ignored that portion of it from which the above passage was taken, or else have actually insinuated that it was only written for effect, and was insincere. I confess that such insinuations have much more than neutralized the

personal compliments with which they have been so kindly lavish-What I said in that Address, I have always said, - have said it often, privately and publicly, - and it is what all the officers of the Association have assumed in their action. Mr. Hepworth will bear me witness that over and over again, in our interviews, I said it to him, and begged him to be contented to propose just this. Mr. Sears regrets that I did not actually offer a resolution myself at the annual meeting of the Association. One reason why I did not was that I hoped Mr. Hepworth, when he saw the sentiment of the meeting, would even then decide to do this, instead of what he had told me was in his mind. Certainly I did not refrain because of any uncertainty as to the result; and, if desired, I will offer such a resolution whenever an opportunity offers. But, unless I am wholly deceived in regard to the character of our denomination, such a resolution will need nobody's championship. Without assuming any right to speak for it, I feel sure the Association will anywhere and always vote positively and unequivocally its Christian basis. believe it will vote nothing else.

Let us bring back the discussion to this point to which Mr. Sears properly adheres. If he is right in saying that "this is all that anybody ever wanted or asked for," it seems to me the thing is settled. For one, I shall be entirely ready to rest under the imputation of having "fought a man of straw," provided what I had in mind no more shows his fists and voice; and I will do my best to make amends for whatever I have done to divert the thoughts of the denomination from the real work that now demands all our energies. And, on the other hand, I hope those brethren, to whom I am sorry to be opposed, will not persist in leading the discussion astray, and will be candid enough to believe our statements when we say that we are contending for Christian liberty, and will not persistently misrepresent us as though we were contending for liberty apart from Christianity. If we will try to understand each other, I hope we may all rejoice in the harmony which I am confident all of us desire. I am very respectfully yours,

CHARLES LOWE.

UNITARIAN CREEDS.

"Mr. Sears, in reply to a Baptist critic, sets forth a creed which is, excepting for a very odd anti-creed profession in it, a pretty orthodox statement. But for the possibility of holding some of its statements in more than one sense, we should say 'we believe all that.' We have no

doubt that Mr. Sears believes it. It asserts the Lord's Divinity without qualification or reserve. To be sure, Mr. Sears talks against 'creeds,' - so they all do; but this can mean absolutely nothing in a man who has just been saying, 'I believe so and so.' What in the name of language is a creed but the saying of that which a man believes? Like Moliere's Monsieur Jourdain, who talked prose without knowing it, our Unitarian friends are professing a creed, only they do not like to have it called so. The simple trouble with these very excellent people is that they are weighed down by two very inconvenient things, - their congregational system and their historical outlawry. By their congregational system they are practically bound to accept that which any body of believers under the Unitarian name may choose to set up. Mr. Sears, like a devout and thoughtful student of Scripture as he is, has his creed profession of faith, but he has been obliged to frame it so that the disciples of Dr. Wildgoose of the 'Church of Progress' need not feel excluded. What Mr. Sears believes is not in the least like what Dr. Wildgoose believes, no more like than bran is to brandy; but there is just that saving ambiguity by which the roving radical can sail under the orthodox flag of the other."

"The Churchman," from which the above is extracted, does not distinguish between human creeds and a Declaration of Faith. A creed, in the ecclesiastical sense, and as the word is generally understood, is a set of articles which are mere human interpretations of Scripture, and which are made conditions of church-membership and Christian fellowship. Such creeds all Unitarians reject. All the more did the early Unitarians, and the later ones as well, who occupy the same position, stand on the sacred Scriptures as the revealed Word of God, and receive Jesus Christ as their Master and Lord. This is found in nearly all the covenants of the churches. This is not a human creed, but a divine creed, - if you choose to employ that word, - and it is held in the conviction that no human articles contain the whole treasury of Christian truth, and ought not to come between the believer and his Lord and Saviour.

As to our declaration of faith, it may be that "Dr. Wildgoose," as "The Churchman" designates the Radical, "need not feel excluded." But he does nevertheless; whereas he has always found gaps enough in the thirty-nine articles where he can come in, or any other articles that were ever devised by the wit of man.

DR. CHAPIN'S SERMON AT NAHANT,

On Sunday, Aug. 14, was a very logical and very eloquent exposition of the doctrine of immortality as demonstrated from the fact of Christ's resurrection. His text was from John xx. 16: "Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself and saith unto him, Rabboni, which is to say, Master." Nothing could be better in its way than the exordium. From the entire naturalness of all the incidents that followed the resurrection of Christ; the incredulity of the disciples, overcome by the stubborn fact itself, demonstrated in the re-appearing of Jesus, the preacher showed that there must have been this great reality to start from.

He went on to show that there was the same call and response between Jesus and human nature itself as between Jesus and Mary. After all our reasonings about the immortal life, we feel there is yet something wanting; the demonstration is not complete, until the great fact of the resurrection of Christ crowns the whole, and meets with a response from the deepest wants and cravings of the human soul. The manner of the preacher was more demonstrative than we had supposed Dr. Chapin to be, but the matter was exceedingly good and substantial, and the people went away feeling that they had been fed with the bread of life.

LITTLE NAHANT.

Nahant proper is a display of the beauty and grandeur of Beacon Street over again, and unless you are a part of the show itself, you soon tire of it. LITTLE NAHANT is a small peninsula jutting out from the neck of the main one, comprising only about forty-five acres, owned by two gentlemen, and having only two residences, with the farm-houses attached. A more attractive spot for the summer days we have never found. It is away from the fashionable buzz and parade; and yet if you want the buzz and parade you can get into it in a ten minutes ride. The ocean murmurs come up all around, and the ocean breezes, free of all taint, every breath of which sends the blood newly oxygenized through all your veins. I sat by the hour on the piazza of one of its hospitable mansions and watched the waves as they came up with soothing music and deliverd their contents upon the beach. They symbolized beautitifully the doctrine of Dr. Chapin's sermon. For they would roll along, dark and gross, till they came over the first bar, and then, simultaneously all along the bar, they would change into a line of light, and move transfigured to the beach; very much as our darkened humanity moves over the bar of death and there breaks into light on the immortal shore.

Little Nahant, notwithstanding the long drought, is almost as green as ever, for the cool sea air and sprinklings from the ocean have kept it so. May the few choice spirits who now make it their quiet summer retreat, living there "in the world, and yet apart from it," long enjoy the natural and moral oasis which they have found away from the parched deserts of our human life. The pure air is purer and the green fields are greener through the spirit which they diffuse.

HOW [SOME] OTHERS SEE US.

The Boston correspondent of the "Christian Intelligencer" gives the following candid and intelligent statement of what he is so good as to call the position of the Unitarians. We should hardly dare to call it more than the position of a portion of the Unitarian denomination.

"Often is it affirmed (i.e. by orthodox critics) and oftener believed that Unitarianism is but another name for infidelity. It must be confessed that Unitarians are much in fault in allowing certain 'liberal minds' to fellowship with them. If such as Abbot, Blake, Frothingham, etc., are admitted to their counsels as in regular standing, can be we blamed for supposing their extreme views to be tolerated. Unitarianism, as such, is to be hourly distinguished from much that passes under the name. It is wrong to call Theodore Parker a Unitarian. He discarded the name, and was discarded by the body bearing it. His views, and the views of his followers, as Frothingham for example, are not distinctively or historically Unitarian. Such views, and such men, hang on the skirts of New England Unitarianism a good deal as St. Albans and Father Morrell appear on the verge of the Episcopal Church, or as Bushnell stands related to Congregationalism. The body, as such, does not stand truthfully represented in those cases. Dr. Channing, Dr. Ware, Dr. Noyes, Dr. Pierce, among the dead, and Dr. Gannett, Robbins, Sears, Lothrop, Bulfinch, Peabody, Clarke, Ellis (brothers), among the living, are the true representatives of the denomination.

"Some of these are more evangelical than the others, but all, and more who can be named, are reverent and devout men. . . . At the hands of several of these men the Bible has received some of the noblest vindications on record. The leading pulpits of Boston and vicinity are filled with such men. Suppose that this type of preachers, generally known as Channing Unitarians, was separated from the body, how long would even the show of their

organizations be preserved? Although such men as Blake and Abbot bubble on the surface, they are neither the mind nor the heart of the body."

After this the writer gives what he understands to be the belief of Unitarians, but for fear of seeming to fly too openly in the face of the decisions of the "representative bodies," we will not presume to quote it. It will do for a liberal and candid orthodox man to say what he thinks Unitarians believe, but if one of ourselves should do the same, he might be brought up with a short turn for trenching on an inexpressible privilege of believing anything, everything, or nothing, as one's mind is, which some seem to regard as the birthright and chief glory of a Unitarian.

How "IMPORTANT NEWS!!!" COMES BY TELEGRAPH. — The Chigago "Advance" (which, it will be seen, we read much, for its many good things) tells us, by way of illustration, how news by telegraph comes,—first compressed to save expense, and then expanded into sensation articles. It does not serve to give us confidence in important news through such channels. Recently the office in New York received the telegram, "Vesuvius glows." These two words appeared in the dailies the next morning expanded thus:—

"IMPORTANT NEWS FROM ITALY!—London, March 25. Telegraphic despatches just at hand from Naples announce that the eruption of Mount Vesuvius is continually increasing in power and grandeur. Deep, rumbling sounds, like detonating thunder, are constantly heard, and the affrighted inhabitants of the neighborhood are fleeing to places of safety. A dense volume of smoke is rising from the crater, visible a hundred miles away. The ashes and dust fall in clouds, and at night the lurid glare of the flames, reflected in the calm bay, impart to surrounding objects a ghastly and sombre aspect."

"LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY."

The article which we publish under this heading is taken from the "Christian Register," and was a leading editorial in that paper before it became such a huge difficulty to distinguish between Unitarianism and Infidelity. It defines the position which Unitarians started with under the lead and shaping of Channing and the Wares. It was the position of the American Unitarian Association up to a very recent date.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE YOUNG SHIP-BUILDERS OF ELM ISLAND. By Rev. E. Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1870.

This little book, the fifth of the Elm Island series, fully maintains the reputation already acquired by its predecessors. The series is a true picture of boys' life, with all their impulsive feelings and wayward spirits leading them often into mischief, but never into real wrong. The present volume takes our young friends about the time they are leaving home influences and beginning to learn to take care of themselves; undertaking new responsibilities and starting in their battle with the world. It gives a lively picture of the energy and perseverance which, when rightly directed, are sure to achieve worldly success; and it inculcates lessons of morality and faith in the All-seeing Father, who watches over and directs even the most minute actions of our lives.

The book is written in a pleasant and simple style, — very fascinating for children, and attractive to older persons.

Much information is everywhere mingled with the narrative, but never in a way to become tedious or wearisome to the reader. Altogether it is eminently fitted for its purpose, and should be found in every Sunday-school library.

A. G.

THE JUNO STORIES. By Jacob Abbott. Vols. 1 and 2. New York: Dodd & Mead.

This author's works are so well known as to need only a passing word of commendation. "The Juno Stories," judged by the two now published, promise to be a pleasant little series, combining in a simple and attractive form instruction and amusement, aiming principally at religious instruction and effect. The effort is happily made and effectually carried out in these two volumes by bringing the child into sympathy with his hard Scripture-texts—which, to him, are too often mere words without meaning—by touching his heart as well as informing his understanding, and fixing and impressing the truth there, and by apt illustrations drawn from his own daily life.

M. L. R.

ERRATA. — On p. 310. For third line, sixth verse, read, —
"But the love of the loving through deepest Heaven."
From p. 205 to 265, pages numbered wrong.